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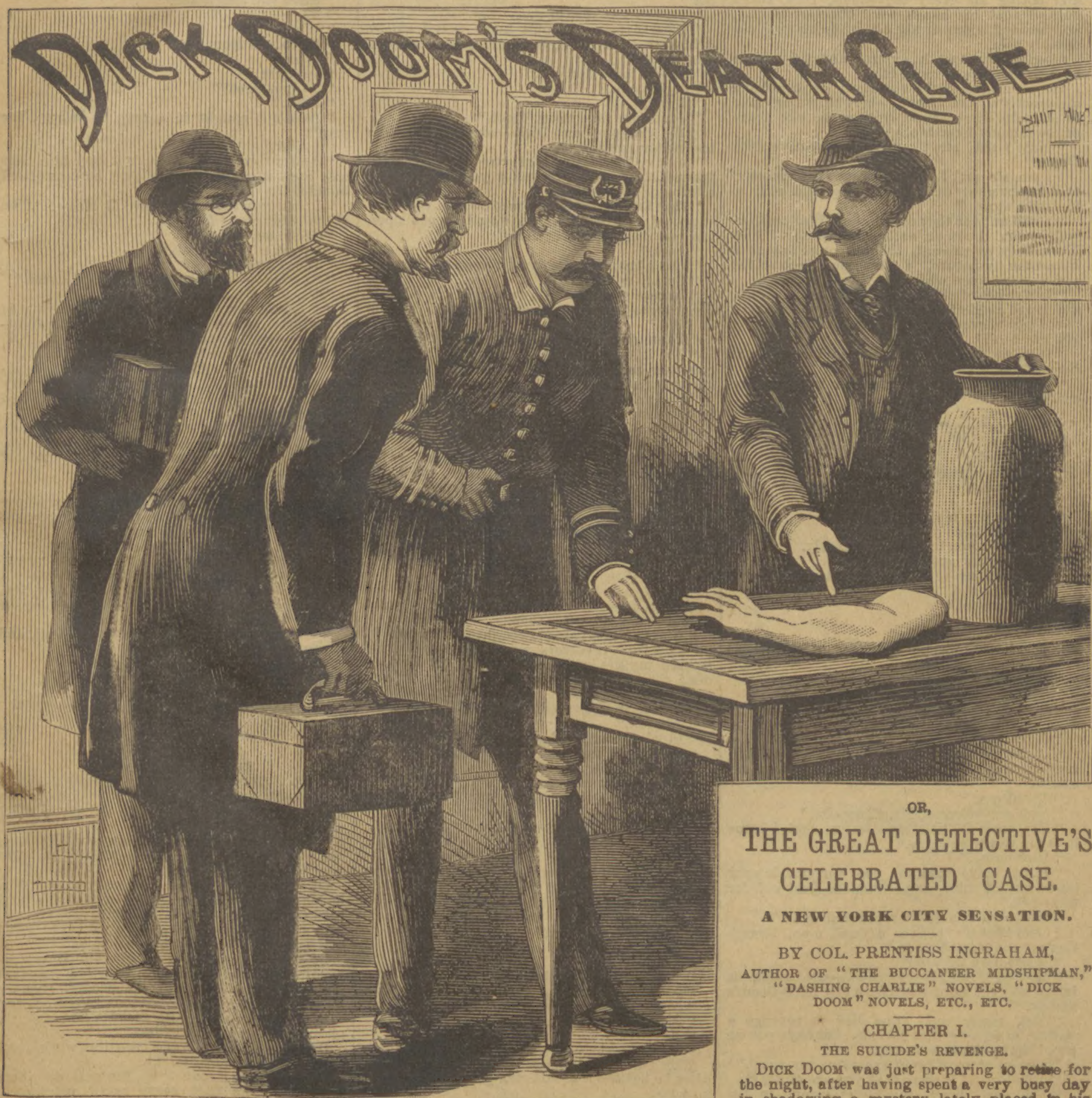
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THIS ARM THE GREAT DETECTIVE PLACED ON THE TABLE.

OR,
**THE GREAT DETECTIVE'S
CELEBRATED CASE.**

A NEW YORK CITY SENSATION.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM,
AUTHOR OF "THE BUCCANEER MIDSHIPMAN,"
"DASHING CHARLIE" NOVELS, "DICK
DOOM" NOVELS, ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE SUICIDE'S REVENGE.

DICK DOOM was just preparing to retire for the night, after having spent a very busy day in shadowing a mystery lately placed in his hands, when a visitor was announced.

It was storming terribly without, the rain dashing in torrents against the window panes, and the wind howling viciously as it swept along the streets, so it was a surprise to Dick Doom to receive a visitor after midnight, and upon such a night.

He at once asked:

"Who is it?"

"I do not know, sir."

"Man or woman?"

"A man, sir."

"He gave you no card, or name?"

"No sir."

"He only said he wished to see Dick Doom the detective, at once and on important business."

"I will see him. You can retire for the night."

The servant disappeared, and arraying himself in the disguise in which he was now most generally known, he went to the reception-room, after first taking a peep through an engraving hanging upon the wall, which had a glass set in each corner of the frame, yet not visible to the observers from within the room.

He saw a tall man, erect in form and enveloped in a storm coat and hat, pacing the room nervously, and watching him closely, taking note of his expression as he turned in his walk, and noting his every movement, Dick Doom noticed that his hands were clinched tightly, and his mouth was firmly set, while his face was deathly pale.

Opening the door he entered and the visitor at once turned and faced him.

He seemed a little surprised at beholding apparently a countryman, where he had expected to see a different person, from all he had heard of the famous detective, so said:

"May I ask, sir, if you are Detective Dick Doom?"

"I am, sir, and I would ask who my visitor is that has business to call him out at this hour in in such a storm?"

"I will answer that my name is Wallace Conwallis, sir. I am an artist, a resident of New York City at present, though something of a Bohemian by nature. I have come here to tell you a secret upon which my life depends."

"I have heard of you, Mr. Wallace Conwallis, and I will be glad to hear your secret, and know how I can serve you, for I suppose that is why you are here?"

"It is, sir, to seek your aid in saving me from the gallows."

"Ah! then you are a murderer by your own confession?"

"I am not."

"Suspected, eh?"

"I am not."

"Accused?"

"Not by a living being."

"An accusation from the grave then?"

"Not yet."

"How do you mean?"

"From the dead yet unburied."

"I see, and you interest me greatly."

"Who is your accuser?"

"The one I am to be accused of murdering."

"Where is he?"

"In his rooms."

"Dead, you said?"

"Yes."

"You killed him, but there are no witnesses?"

"You are mistaken."

"How can the dead accuse you?"

"By circumstantial evidence."

"I see. It has hanged many an innocent man, has circumstantial evidence."

"It may hang me."

"If guiltless I hope not; if guilty I trust you may be hanged," was Dick Doom's severe response.

"Thank you."

"You are welcome, Mr. Conwallis."

"But, there is little time to lose and I came here for you to save me."

"How can I?"

"I will leave that for you, for that is your business, not mine, as you shall be paid well for the work."

"Yes, a neck is worth more than gold."

"Gold is of no value to a dead man, though there is one thing that is."

"What may that be?"

"Revenge," and there was a decided emphasis in the way the word was uttered by Dick Doom's visitor.

"Yes, many men have died to revenge a wrong, in seeking that revenge; but have you no proof that you are not guilty?"

"Not an atom of proof excepting my word."

"What proof is there that you are guilty?"

"The dead body, the bullet wound in the heart, and written proof of my guilt."

"With such proof how is it that you are not guilty, Mr. Conwallis?" asked Dick Doom, glancing fixedly into the face of the man before him.

"I am not guilty of murder, as the man took his own life for revenge, that I might hang for the deed," was the startling confession of the visitor to Dick Doom.

CHAPTER II. THE STORY.

DICK DOOM was not a man to show any emotion he wished to conceal, yet for once he was caught off his guard by the startling words of Wallace Conwallis, and his face showed his amazement, while he said with some show of excitement:

"This is a most remarkable statement, Mr. Conwallis."

"Sit down and tell me your story."

"There is much that I cannot tell even you, and yet I depend upon you to save me from the gallows."

"Tell me what you please and let me ferret out the rest."

"There is little you can ferret out that I do not tell you; but to place you in possession of the facts which I deem necessary, and wish you to work upon, let me say that who I am matters not."

"I am not so sure of that."

"Then if the court must know who I am let it find out at my trial, for my lips are sealed on that point."

"Then I must find out."

"If you can."

"I will."

"I am sure that you will not."

"We shall see," and Dick Doom smiled, while his visitor continued:

"I have heard much of you and read with interest the reports of some of your remarkable solving of mysteries."

"That is why I come at once to seek you, as I supposed, if I waited, you would be put upon the case from the other side."

"I see."

"But I have engaged you, remember."

"I shall not forget it."

"In case you might do so here is a reminder, for there is just one thousand dollars in this roll of bills."

"Thank you; and here is my receipt."

"No; it would be found upon me and thus compromise me, for it is to be a secret that I secure your services."

"I see; and so it shall be; but you will have to trust me."

"I will do so."

"Now to your story."

"To begin—I have had a deadly foe for years, yet the cause of his hatred to me I will not make known."

"I have met him in different parts of the world where I have been roaming while prosecuting my art studies, and twice we have met in a duel."

"Once we fought with rapiers, and not wishing to take his life, I disarmed him."

"He seized his weapon and attacking me viciously, I ran him through the sword arm, so that ended the trouble then."

"A year or two after I fought him again."

"This time revolvers were the weapons, and to save my life, and not kill him, for I was a dead shot, I sent a bullet through his arm, and that ended the duel."

"Where were those duels fought?"

"Abroad."

"In what country?"

"It does not matter."

"As you please."

"Now to your story."

"I again met my enemy here in New York a year ago."

"He was dogging you?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"We met at the opera one night, which I attended with a party of friends."

"Gentlemen?"

"Both sexes."

"You were in a box?"

"Yes."

"And he?"

"Was in the opposite box."

"Alone?"

"No; he had a friend with him."

"A gentleman?"

"No; a lady."

"Well?"

"He recognized me, as I did him, and soon after he left the box and was gone perhaps half an hour."

"When I went to my rooms that night I felt

that I was shadowed, for my enemy had put a detective on my track."

"Yes; and thus found you?"

"He did."

"You live in very pleasant quarters on West Eighteenth street, I believe."

"Yes, sir."

"You have there your private rooms and your studio?"

"I have."

"To your story, sir."

"It was the next day that I received a call from my enemy, and he demanded, as before, that I should sign certain papers, which I refused to do, as I have always done."

"And then?"

"He threatened to some day be terribly avenged upon me."

"Well?"

"And he will be, unless you save me from the gallows."

"It is indeed a most interesting case, sir; but now to the mode of his revenge?"

"I received yesterday a note from him telling me that he was ill; that with the fear of death before his eyes he wished to atone for the past and begged me to come and see him at nine o'clock to-night."

"Have you that letter?"

"No."

"Where is it?"

"He took it from me."

"When?"

"To-night."

"So you went?"

"I did."

"And got caught in a trap he had set for you?"

"I did."

"And to extricate yourself killed him, and now wish it to be thought that he committed suicide?"

"I told you that I did not kill him—that he did take his own life."

"Continue, please."

"I went to his address."

"What was it?"

"Number —, West Eighty-second street."

"Yes."

"I found that he occupied a small, but old brick house, situated in a large yard and fronting upon the Hudson."

"The very place for a deed of crime."

"Exactly. I knocked at the door and he admitted me himself. He appeared to be very feeble, and coughed violently, as though he had the consumption."

"He told me that his servant had gone on an errand, and bade me be seated, while, as I was chilled by the storm, he poured out a glass of brandy for me."

"You drank it?"

"I did, and almost immediately I became unconscious, for I had not the power to move, yet I could distinctly hear his words:

"Now I have my revenge, for there is the written proof in existence that you came here to kill me, and when you return to consciousness I will be dead, having taken my own life, for, tired of existence, I end life that you may be hanged as my murderer."

"I heard no more, for I became dazed, and seemed to sink into dream-land."

"How long were you unconscious?"

"A couple of hours."

"And when you returned to consciousness?"

"He lay dead at my feet, a bullet in his heart," was the low reply.

CHAPTER III.

DICK DOOM'S ADVICE.

DICK DOOM felt that he confronted the most remarkable case which he had ever undertaken, and he paced to and fro before he spoke, after what his visitor had told him.

He knew the young artist as a man of talent, one who lived well, made money easily, and was generally popular with all.

Of his antecedents he knew nothing, and now he appeared before him with a story of strangest mystery, handed him a thousand dollars and very calmly told him that he must set to work and save him from the gallows.

Of course there could be but one theory regarding the crime reported, and that was that the artist had murdered his enemy, perhaps in self-defense, perhaps without intention, and to save himself from the gallows had cleverly planned the story of suicide.

Dick Doom saw in the case the work for a ferret of the greatest talent.

He must save a man from the gallows where it would seem that every proof pointed to his guilt.

At last he said in his sober way:

"The law, Mr. Cornwallis, never condemns a man until he is proven guilty, and so, as you are my client, I must take the stand that you are innocent."

"I thank you."

"Appearances are against you, I must admit."

"Granted."

"Whatever other proof may turn up, which you have not told me of or suspect yourself, remains to be seen."

"You may be sure that this man left no stone unturned to destroy me."

"Having determined to take his life, as he was perhaps doomed soon to die by disease, he wished to be avenged upon me, and so planned, plotted and arranged accordingly and well."

"He has done his part to condemn, and you must do your part to clear me."

"Did you see his servant there?"

"I did not."

"He only said that he had one?"

"Yes."

"When you returned to consciousness how did you feel?"

"Ill and dazed."

"What did you see?"

"My vision was blurred at first, but when I could see well I beheld his body lying at my feet."

"And the pistol?"

"Was lying near him."

"Did you pick up the weapon?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I touched nothing."

"Are you sure that he was dead?"

"Yes."

"How did you know?"

"I bent over him and saw that the bullet had entered his left side, over his heart."

"I felt his pulse and it was still, while the body was cold, showing that he had been some time dead."

"Then I left the house and wandered about the streets until I decided what to do."

"What was your decision?"

"At first I thought I would fly from here to save my life."

"Then I considered that it would be wrong, as I was innocent, and I happened to think of you."

"I will face the alternative and let Dick Doom prove my innocence," I said.

"You are complimentary, and I hope you will not have reason to change your opinion of me."

"But let me tell you right here, Mr. Cornwallis, that you have given me the hardest task of my life to perform."

"You have accepted me as your client, though?"

"Oh, yes; and I have this to say to you, that you must allow nothing you hear or see to change your idea that I am serving you."

"I will trust you."

"You must not let any one know that you have seen me, and when you go from here let it be to the Police Headquarters, where you will simply give yourself up, not stating any charge against you, only awaiting to see the chief in the morning."

"Yes."

"To him tell your story of how you were inveigled to the rooms of your foe, of his drugging the liquor given you, and what followed."

"If the servant has returned he will give the alarm, though I think my enemy said that he would not return until morning."

"I he does, and gives the alarm when he discovers the dead body of his master, you will have already given yourself up, so that will not count against you."

"If he does not return until morning the chief of police will go to the house and find the body, as you have stated."

"But now give me the key to your rooms?"

"Why?"

"You did not go there, and there may be something you may not wish seen lying about."

"There is nothing."

"You are sure?"

"I am certain."

"You are a very remarkable man for a bachelor, for I take it you are one."

"The artist made no reply to this, and Dick Doom asked:

"Do you not keep a servant?"

"One who comes at seven o'clock every morning to put my rooms in order and wait on me by day, for I take my meals out."

"Well, Mr. Cornwallis, I have to say now that the sooner you go to the Police Headquarters and give yourself up the better for you, and you

may leave your case in my hands with perfect confidence that I will do all in my power for you."

"Do not send for me or write to me, for that will show that I am working for you, and if you need me at any time simply tell your jailer that you wish to have the Reverend Doctor Elijah Monkton call upon you—here is his address—and the jailer can write to him for you."

"He is your friend then?"

"Yes, and will be yours."

"Good-night."

Dick Doom offered his hand, the artist grasped it with a word of thanks and departed.

Fifteen minutes after, in spite of the storm which still continued, Dick Doom left his house on an errand of his own.

CHAPTER IV.

DICK DOOM SETS TO WORK.

THE detective was a man among many, in the peculiar, perilous work he had devoted his life to, and every look, action and incident was a study to him.

In shaking hands at parting with the young artist, he had desired to see just how the temperature of the young man was, and he found his hand not cold and clammy, but warm and the grasp a firm one.

This he set down as in favor of the artist, unless he was a most thoroughly callous individual.

Leaving his rooms, Dick Doom dogged the steps of the artist until he saw that he was going straight to the Police Headquarters.

Then he felt convinced that Wallace Cornwallis did not intend to dodge the alternative, but had left his case in his hands.

Going to Union Square Dick Doom found a "Night Hawk Cab," the driver being asleep inside to get out of the storm.

Entering it he bade him drive with all speed to the corner nearest the lonely quarters of the man whom the artist accused of taking his own life, that he might be hanged as his murderer.

He left the cab at the corner, made his way into the grounds, the storm still continuing, and leaving his dripping storm coat on the little porch, gave several vigorous knocks.

No answer coming he took from his pocket a bunch of pass-keys and soon had the door opened.

A light burned dimly in the hall, and a door on the right was ajar.

Entering the room on the right he beheld a library most comfortably furnished, and a door opening into a rear room.

But what caught the eye of the detective at once was the form of a man lying upon the floor, and near his hand a revolver.

The man was dead, and a bullet wound in his left side proved that he had been shot, either by his own hand or that of another.

He was in dressing gown and slippers, his clothes were of the finest make, and he was a man of fine appearance, yet appeared to have been ill.

His watch and chain were gone, his ring and shirt-studs and sleeve-buttons also.

All had been taken, as though hurriedly.

He had no money about him and so seemed to have been robbed.

A desk drawer in a bookcase had been found open and a bunch of keys lay upon the floor, as though they had been used by one not knowing to what they belonged.

Taking up the revolver, Dick Doom saw that it was a handsome weapon, and upon the silver mounting was engraved a name.

Dick Doom gave a low whistle as he read the name, but said nothing, continuing his search of the house.

Everywhere there was evidence that the rooms had been hurriedly searched, but no one was in the house, only the dead body of the master lying upon the floor in the library.

Having gone all over the house, making notes here and there in his memorandum-book, Dick Doom took his departure.

He resumed his storm-coat and rubbers when he reached the porch, went back to his cab and was driven back to Union Square.

There he dismissed the cab and then made his way to the rooms of the artist in West Eighth street.

Arriving there, his bunch of pass-keys gained him admission readily, and entering the cozy quarters of the artist he turned up the gas and began to take a close observation of all that he saw.

There was a pleasant sitting-room and library combined, a couple of bedrooms, then a large studio.

Everywhere was there evidence that the occupant of the quarters was a man of refinement, education, taste and means.

There were curios from many lands and a dozen or more unfinished paintings, a sideboard with rare old decanters, and a box half-filled with fine cigars, a number of fancy pipes, foils, boxing-gloves, dumb-bells and weapons belonging to a score of countries.

Upon a shelf was a case of mahogany, the key being in it.

This opened, a pistol-box was revealed.

It was made for two revolvers, but one was missing.

The detective took up the one before him and glanced at the silver mounting.

"The counterpart of the one I saw. Strange, very strange indeed," muttered Dick Doom.

Then he made a very thorough search of the rooms, jotted down notes, as when in the dead man's house, and left the quarters of the artist in the early dawn.

He at once returned to his quarters, made a careful toilet and then sat down to read the papers and have breakfast.

It was just nine o'clock when a messenger boy arrived calling him to the Police Headquarters at once.

Half an hour after he was in the quarters of the chief of police, and was told that a most mysterious affair was to be solved, as the artist, Wallace Cornwallis, had given himself up as one under suspicion of murder, and telling a most remarkable story to exculpate himself, and one which found no believers among the Secret Service men who heard it.

"The man is guilty, I am sure, Doom; but I wish you to accompany myself and others to the home of the dead man, Mr. Willis Warburton, and then to the quarters of this artist, after which you are to take the case in hand and see just what you can make out of it."

"I will do my best, sir," was Dick Doom's quiet rejoinder, and that day he set to work to solve the mystery hanging over the death of Willis Warburton.

CHAPTER V.

A MAN OF MYSTERY.

THE town was greatly excited when the news ran through it, telling of the death of a well known man about town, at the hands of a prominent young artist of whom nothing was known though his paintings always found a ready sale.

A morning paper, two days after the mysterious death of Willis Warburton, gave the situation as follows:

"There is nothing new in the Warburton murder case to report, other than that the dead man was a member of the Metropole Club, the most fashionable one in the city, and was in good standing with all, his dues having been paid up to date."

"He was known as a Californian and was introduced to the club by Colonel Carter, of the army, who met him on the Pacific Slope, where Warburton had a stock ranch, which, however, a telegram from San Francisco says he sold out before going East, and nothing is known there of his antecedents beyond the date of a few years back."

"Mr. Warburton gambled at times, always had money, lived in a secluded house on the west side, which he rented, and passed most of his time at the club when not driving or riding in the Park or visiting in fashionable society, to which he had the *entree*."

"He had complained of not being well of late and had a cough, while his servant, an Englishman, says that he appeared to suffer much at times."

"This servant, Martin West, states that he engaged with Mr. Warburton a year ago, answering an advertisement for a reliable man, and that he knows nothing whatever about the one he served."

"The friends of Mr. Wallace Cornwallis at first were inclined to suspect the valet, Martin West, of being the murderer, but the latter proved an *alibi*, as he had been sent down on Long Island to engage quarters for his employer at a resort there and passed the night at the hotel there on account of the storm."

"This dismisses at once his connection with the murder and throws the whole suspicion upon Wallace Cornwallis, whose very remarkable story of the suicide of Mr. Warburton finds very few believers."

"The fact that the dead man's rooms had been searched through, that he had been robbed and was known to have gone home from the club that night with quite a large sum of money, which cannot be found, looks very bad for Wallace Cornwallis indeed, for he has of late been in need of money and owes quite a number of debts, it is said."

"Then, too, nothing whatever is known of this same young artist.

"He refuses to say a word about himself, even to his lawyer, for he replies, when questioned, that it is the charge that he murdered Willis Warburton which is the question, and not what he is or was prior to that night.

"It is said by some of those who know him best that his life has been a most remarkable one, full of adventure and romance.

"He is known to have traveled in foreign lands, and he has painted scenes taken from countries in which he has wandered, and there are sketches in his portfolio made in Italy, Spain, India, Egypt, Mexico and South America, which prove that his roaming has been most extensive.

"The Coroner's Jury holds him as the murderer of Willis Warburton, and he is not allowed bail, but to solve the mystery hanging over the case we learn that the Government has placed upon the work the famous king of Secret Service men, Dick Doom, a man of mystery and of many marks himself.

"We can only hope that the solution will be soon, and if it is found that Wallace Conwallis is not really guilty, he will be set free; but if guilty his punishment should be swift and sure, for it will prove how clever was his plot to kill and then seek to clear himself by the charge that his victim, being ill, had taken his own life to settle an old score of revenge against one whom he hated.

"Our readers will be glad to learn, then, that Dick Doom has been engaged by the State to track the mystery to the end."

Such was the notice in one morning paper, and the other journals contained about the same statements of what was and was not known.

The reporters had gone into the mystery with all the vim and ability for which they are noted, yet found that they could not find a solution of the strange story told by the young artist.

If not guilty, why did he hide his past, refuse to speak of his career before coming to New York?

Why did he not tell of this man Warburton's cause of revenge against him if he was innocent?

If he knew anything of Warburton's antecedents that reflected against him, why did he not make it known?

If he had left the mansion after the murder, why was it that the dead man and his house had been robbed?

Everything pointed to his guilt, and the formation of a very clever plot to escape the punishment for his crime by the story he told.

The house of Willis Warburton had been found locked, as the artist had said he left it, and beyond all doubt the valet, Martin West, had been at the Long Island resort all night, returning only when the police were in charge of the place, and his surprise and grief had been unfeigned.

So it was that all wondered why the accused—self-accused, too—should remain silent when he could perhaps explain away all by unfolding the secret tie that was between Willis Warburton and himself and which death alone had broken.

But calm, silent, unmoved by his danger, the artist remained in his cell abiding the alternative that must come to him.

CHAPTER VI.

A DOUBLE DUTY.

DICK DOOM had gone to see the chief of police with a full knowledge, intuitively, of what was wanted of him.

He was to be put upon the Warburton case he was assured.

"Well, Dick Doom, I am glad to see you, for I confess I have a case on hand that is deeper than the sea, as not one of us can see the bottom of it," said the chief.

"What is it, sir?" asked Dick Doom, with all the innocence in the world.

Then the explanation, already known to the reader, followed, and the chief, his men and Dick Doom, went to the house of Willis Warburton.

The more the men of the Secret Service looked over the case the more they became convinced that the man Warburton was murdered.

The place had been robbed, that was certain, and the one that had killed Willis Warburton had been the robber.

Wallace Conwallis admitted going there by appointment, yet could not show the letter he said he had received.

He admitted seeing the man dead before him when he awoke from the stupor which he said the glass of brandy had brought upon him.

Yet, there was no glass upon the sideboard in-

to which brandy had been poured, and no drug of any kind was found among the dead man's effects.

The brandy in the decanter, the whisky, and some wines were all tested for poison or drugs, and were found to be pure.

The artist had said in his confession, that Warburton's valet was away, and he stated that he had locked the door after him when he left the building.

There was everything then to point to his guilt, and so the Coroner's Jury had very quickly decided.

"Well, Dick Doom, what do you think of it all?" asked the chief of police, when they had left the house together, leaving three officers in charge.

"How do you mean, sir?"

"I mean is it not your belief that the man was murdered?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am sure that there is no doubt of that."

"He was murdered, sir, beyond all doubt."

"And the artist, clever as was his story of suicide for revenge, will hang."

"I am not so sure of that, sir."

"Why not?"

"I believe his story."

"You believe his story?" cried the chief in amazement.

"Yes, sir."

"You just said you believed Warburton was murdered."

"So I think."

"Yet believe the artist innocent?"

"I do, sir."

"Who killed Warburton then?"

"I don't know."

"Whom do you suspect?"

"No one."

"For once, Dick Doom, you are on the wrong track."

"May be so, sir."

"Why, I cannot see any reason for your belief in this man's innocence."

"Only his story."

"What is there in that?"

"It is such a remarkable one."

"The suicide theory?"

"Yes, sir."

"For the sake of revenge after death, upon an old enemy?"

"That is it, sir."

"It is but a clever device to escape death on the gallows."

"He could have escaped."

"Granted."

"He could have kept quiet about the murder, and not known to be acquainted with Warburton, who would have suspected Wallace Conwallis?"

"That is true."

"Instead, he went and gave himself up."

"Yes."

"He told his story frankly, and left himself in your hands."

"He did."

"Now that does not, to me, look like guilt."

"It does not, unless it is the bold playing of a very clever and wicked man."

"Is he either?"

"He will say nothing about himself."

"Get his record."

"If I can."

"What has his career been in New York?"

"Good, though a trifle wild, perhaps."

"You must find out more about him."

"That is what I wish you to do."

"You wish me to take the case?"

"I do."

"I am pretty busy just now, chief."

"Nothing you may be engaged upon is so important as this case."

"Very well, sir, I will take the case."

"Good!"

"And as you doubt his guilt, it leads me to have a suspicion also that he may not be the murderer."

"Do not speak of this suspicion, sir, to any one!"

"Why?"

"It will be best to have all believe in his guilt and try to prove him the murderer."

"Why so?"

"I can then work upon the track of his innocence with better success."

"I half believe you are right."

"But, if he had this letter he says Warburton wrote to him, he might have a claim to show his innocence."

"He told you the letter was taken from him while he was under the influence of the drug?"

"Yes."

"That might have been the case."

"But I must hear his story also, chief, so will you go with me to see him?"

"Yes."

"And have him tell his story again to you?"

"Yes, and you can hear it."

"I will not go as I am, sir, but in disguise as a police officer, for I do not wish him to know me as Detective Dick Doom."

"It may be best as you say."

"Come to my office this afternoon at four," and the two parted.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PRISONER.

WALLACE CONWALLIS sat in his cell in the Tombs, reading a novel.

He had been allowed no favors, save the novel given him by one of the guards, and after pacing his cell for awhile he had taken out a pencil and sketched on the white wall the scene, as he recalled it, of the room of Willis Warburton, the dead form upon the floor and all that went to make up the surroundings.

It was hastily done, yet skillfully, showing the work of a master in his art.

He wore his pencil down until it was too short to use and then turned to the novel.

His face was calm and there was nothing in his look to indicate fear, or anxiety as to what his fate would be.

He was thus engaged in reading when he heard steps approaching and the jailer said, as he opened his door:

"The chief of police to see you, sir."

The chief entered, and he was accompanied by a policeman in uniform, and one whose appearance indicated the Irishman just long enough over to get on the city force of "The Finest."

"Mr. Conwallis, I have returned to have another talk with you," said the chief.

"Certainly, sir."

"Say nothing to criminate yourself, answering or refusing to answer as you please."

"Thank you, sir."

"I have been to the home of your victim."

"You mean of the victim of his own hand, sir."

"Well, so have it; but I have searched the house thoroughly."

"And the result?"

"I found the dead man as you said, only there was every evidence of robbery having been perpetrated."

"Robbery, sir?" and the prisoner's face flushed and paled quickly.

"Yes, the desk had been opened, and the papers overhauled, while the body had been robbed."

"Then his valet returned and did this," was the quick response of Wallace Conwallis.

"No, for his valet proves an *alibi*."

"An honest one?"

"Yes, as he was down on Long Island all night."

"He says so."

"No, I sent a man there to find out, and the proprietor of the resort returned with him and states that the valet came there and engaged board for his employer, while he remained at the hotel, all night on account of the storm."

"Then he cannot be guilty of the robbery?"

"No, he is not."

"Then who is?"

"That is for you to say, Mr. Conwallis."

"See here, sir, I am no thief, and I am a prisoner and at your mercy."

"Pardon me, but you are in a position where everything points to your guilt as murderer and robber as well."

"It is circumstantial evidence only."

"It is for you to prove your innocence."

"Alas! I can give no proof," and there was just the slightest quiver of the under lip of the prisoner.

"I have also been to your room."

"Well?"

"I have left there officers in charge, as also at Mr. Warburton's house."

"It is best that it should be so."

"You said that Mr. Warburton shot himself?"

"Yes, for he lay dead at my feet, with the pistol near his hand."

"What pistol?"

"The one he shot himself with of course."

"Where is it?"

"I did not touch it."

"Had you seen the weapon before?"

"Not to my knowledge; but I merely glanced at it."

"Have you any weapons?"

"Plenty of them, for it has been a hobby of mine to gather weapons in my travels."

"Have you any revolvers?"

"Yes, a very handsome pair."

"Where are they?"
 "In a mahogany box in my room."
 "Is this one of them?"
 The chief took a weapon from his pocket and handed it to the prisoner.
 "Yes."
 "You are sure?"
 "Yes, there is my name upon it."
 "It is one of the pair I spoke of as being in a mahogany box in my room."
 "When did you last see this weapon?"
 "Some weeks ago."
 "Shall I tell you where I got it?"
 "I know."
 "Where?"
 "From the box in my rooms."
 "No."
 "Where then?"
 "From the floor by the hand of the dead man."
 "What?"
 "I mean it."
 "Why, it is mine!"
 "Grunted, and I picked it up from the floor, with one shot fired, as you see, and lying by the hand of Warburton as though he had held it when he fell dead."
 "This is remarkable."
 "It is another proof against you."
 "Oh, I don't doubt but that you are all going to do just what Willis Warburton intended you should, hang me as his murderer."
 "No, Mr. Conwallis, I intend to give you every opportunity to prove your innocence."
 "How can I?"
 "That is for you to say."
 "I can say or do nothing."
 "You can tell why Willis Warburton sought to have revenge upon you."
 "I shall not do so."
 "You can tell how you had injured him."
 "I never wronged him by act of mine that he did not force me to do so."
 "You have not told me who you are, or what has been your past life."
 "Nor do I intend to."
 "You had best do so, for my detectives will ferret out all that you do not wish to have known."
 The prisoner laughed lightly and after a moment replied:
 "Not they, for they can find out nothing that I will not allow to be known."
 "You think so?"
 "I know so."
 "You are over confident."
 "Perhaps."
 "But I do not believe so, and we shall see," was the cool response.

CHAPTER VIII.

A LETTER FROM THE DEAD.

YES, we shall see," thoughtfully said the chief after a moments' silence.
 Then he said:
 "Well, Mr. Conwallis, I wish to help you if you will allow me to do so."
 "Thank you."
 "You came to me with your confession, and, though hard to believe it is as you say, with every proof against you and nothing in your favor, I yet do not wish to see you suffer if innocent."
 "I can see no help for it, sir, unless—"
 "Unless what?"
 "Well, I may be proven innocent yet, for I am not wholly deserted, I hope, and perhaps my story may yet be proven true."
 "You can do most toward so proving it."
 "You are mistaken."
 "Who else can?"
 "Well, that I will not discuss."
 "But you have some one in mind then who may come to your aid?"
 "Yes."
 "You decline to say who it is?"
 "I decline to say who it is."
 "What have you to say about Warburton's being robbed, after having been murdered?"
 "I know not what to say as to that."
 "Yet such is the fact."
 "It is a contingency over which I had not thought—had not considered."
 "Then what about your revolver being found by the dead body?"
 "How?"
 "What explanation can you give of this?"
 "That the weapon was stolen from my room and all proof gotten against me that could be found."
 "You said, Mr. Conwallis, that you had a let-

ter from Warburton asking you to come to his rooms that night?"
 "I had."
 "Where is the letter?"
 "I told you that I had it in my pocket when I went to his rooms, and when I was unconscious it was taken from me."
 "What did the letter state?"
 "That I was to call upon him, as he was ill, and he wished to atone for the past, for he felt that he should do so."
 "Mr. Conwallis?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Here is a letter I found in your room."
 "Well?"
 "It was open, and in your dining room, so I read it, for, remember, I was searching for proof for and against you."
 "Yes."
 "Do you recognize this handwriting?"
 "Why, yes; it is Warburton's."
 "It is."
 "And you found it in my rooms?"
 "Yes."
 "Then I was mistaken in thinking I had it with me and it had been taken from me."
 "This letter was mailed in the morning early and was delivered to you at noon, for here are the postmarks."
 "Yes; I received it then."
 "This is not such a letter as you say you received."
 "Read it and see."
 "I will read it aloud, for this officer with me is my witness as to what occurs between us."
 "I am after being that same, am I," said the officer, with the broadest of Irish accents.
 "I will read this letter, then, with your permission."
 "Do so."
 "You are sure that this is Warburton's handwriting?"
 "I can swear to it," said the prisoner, after a close glance at the envelope.
 "And the letter as well?"
 "Yes; that is his writing, his autograph; but that looks like a much longer letter than the one he wrote me."
 "But read it."
 The chief then read aloud as follows:
 "MY DEAR WALLACE:—
 "I wish you to come to see me, for I have much to say to you.
 "Come to see me at nine o'clock, to the address that heads my letter, and though it looks like rain, do not let it deter you from coming, for it is most important for me to see you, and I will be all alone, as my valet will be away, and we can have a long talk together over the past, in which you have so misunderstood me."
 "That is not the letter I received from Warburton, chief," cried the artist excitedly, losing for a minute his calmness of mien.
 "You said that it was."
 "I said that it was his writing."
 "Yet I found it in your dressing-room, with the envelope opened as you saw that it was."
 "That is another letter, another link in the plot to hang me."
 "Shall I continue reading?"
 "Oh, yes, for I am interested in knowing all there is against me."
 The chief then continued:
 "You should have had proof long ere this of my deep friendship for you, Wallace, but your nature would not allow you to admit it as long as you knew that I stood between you and a fortune, that I held a secret of yours which you have in two meetings with me tried to silence by death, by killing me, in the two duels I was foolish enough to fight with you, and in both of which I was the one to suffer, the innocent suffering for the guilty.
 "But now, dear Wallace, I see matters in a light that forces me to make another effort to have you feel that I am your friend.
 "My health is bad, and before long I must go to face the Great Unknown, so that then you will be the one to gain by my death, the one to gain the riches you have sought.
 "In my talk with you to-night I wish to vow to you that I will die with your secret untold, and that I will place no barrier in the way of your gaining the fortune which my going from life will give to you.
 "But there is one thing I will demand of you in the return, Wallace, and unless you, in justice to me, to others, grant this demand, then I will die with no word said that will add to your fortune or your contentment in feeling that the secret I hold is buried with me.
 "Come to me then, Wallace, with repentance, not hatred in your heart, and I will forgive, forget and befriend you.
 "If you do not so intend to come to me, remain away, for it will be better so."
 "Yours with hope,
 "WILLIS WarBURTON."

CHAPTER IX.

AN UNKNOWN OBSERVER.

THE chief of police finished reading the letter and was folding it up in silence when Wallace Conwallis said:
 "Let me see that letter, sir."
 "Pardon me, but I cannot."
 "Why?"
 "It is my duty to protect it."
 "Ah!"
 "You believe that I would destroy it?"
 "Certainly."
 "Why should I?"
 "That letter is fatal to all hopes of your proving your story told me is true."
 "How so, chief?"
 "It proves that the letter you said you had received, and believed you had destroyed, has come up against you as fatal evidence."
 "I do not see it."
 "Why this man's letter, coming from the dead, written by a hand that is lifeless now, dictated by a brain that will think no more, is a proof that he had been wronged by you, that you had committed crimes in the past against him, had twice sought his life in duels, to silence him forever that he might not make known a secret he held of yours."
 "It looks so, surely."
 "It is so."
 "Apparently."
 "It shows that you had a fortune to gain by his death, that you, not Willis Warburton, sought revenge, and that you went there to have him do as you wished, or to kill him."
 "You went there with your revolver in your pocket, and he fell, while you told the strange story you did to me, in the hope that it would be believed."
 "Now, sir, what have you to say?"
 "I can only say, sir, that the letter you hold there was a part of that man's plot to get rid of me."
 "Feeling that he was dying he determined to strike a blow at me."
 "Instead of feeling forgiving, as disease brought him nearer and nearer to death, he became more vile, more wicked, cruel and revengeful."
 "But this letter, sir, and this revolver, the one found in your rooms, the other by the side of the dead man?" sternly asked the chief.
 "He simply links in the chain of evidence he put about me, for in some way he got that revolver from my room, and in some way that letter was placed in my rooms."
 "Have you seen my servant?"
 "I have."
 "Where?"
 "At your rooms."
 "What does he say?"
 "He appears to know nothing."
 "You asked him about the letter?"
 "I did."
 "He gave it to me when the postman brought it to my door."
 "So he said."
 "And that is all he knows?"
 "All."
 "Well, I told you my story and it is the truth."
 "Here I am in this cell, and the Coroner's Jury have said I was the murderer of Willis Warburton and my trial must speedily follow."
 "I sent for a friend who is a lawyer, and he will defend me, though frankly, chief, I believe that he too considers me guilty."
 "Who does not, or will not, in the face of all the proofs of your guilt."
 The prisoner was silent a minute and then said sadly:
 "Well, there is one who will not; yes, perhaps two, against all the proofs you may trump up against me."
 "Pardon me, but I am trumping up no proofs against you."
 "You are hunting for seeming evidence to hang me, and you have gotten it."
 "Next comes the trial, then the execution."
 "I wish to ask you a question."
 "Very well."
 "Who are the two persons whom you think will believe you not guilty?"
 "It is of no importance for you to know."
 "Perhaps it is."
 "How so?"
 "I could see them and perhaps save you."
 "I decline to tell you who they are."
 "As you please, sir," and the chief turned toward the door, for he saw that the prisoner no longer desired his presence.
 "Can I do aught for you, Mr. Conwallis, for I do not wish you to think I am your foe."

"Every man is my foe to-day, yet you can help me."

"I will gladly do so if I can."

"What can I do for you?" and the chief spoke in a kindly tone, for the nerve of the prisoner and his words that "every man was his foe" made him admire and feel for him.

"I wish, at least, to be comfortable here, so would like some of my own bedding, towels, a rug, lamp, and some clothing, with my portfolio, pencils and drawing-paper; yes, and a few books as well."

"You see my wants are numerous," he said, with a smile.

"I will get the things you desire myself from your rooms, Mr. Conwallis, and send them to you."

"Thank you for your kindness, sir."

"But there is another favor I have to ask."

"Well?"

"I have a friend I wish to see."

"Your lawyer?"

"No."

"Who then?"

"A clergyman."

"Ah!"

"Is there any reason why I should not see one?"

"None. I will send the chaplain of the Tombs here to see you."

"Thank you; but I do not care to see your chaplain."

"Who then?"

"A friend of mine."

"Who is he?"

"The Reverend Elijah Monkton."

"Where is he?"

"If you will allow me paper and a pen I will write him a line."

The writing materials were ordered, and the prisoner wrote:

"DEAR DOCTOR:—

"I am in trouble untold, so come and see me, for the privilege will be granted me at the Tombs, where I am a prisoner."

The chief glanced over the letter, and said:

"I will mail it at once, sir."

Then he departed from the cell, followed by the Irish officer, who was none other than Dick Doom in disguise, taking in the situation, though himself unknown.

CHAPTER X.

DICK DOOM HAS AN OPINION OF HIS OWN.

WELL, Dick Doom, what is your opinion now?" asked the chief of police when the two had returned to the office of the latter after their visit to the prisoner at the Tombs.

"I am the stronger in my belief of his being innocent, chief."

"What?"

"I mean it."

"After hearing that letter read?"

"After hearing that letter read, sir."

"You watched him closely, I saw."

"I never took my eyes off of him."

"Your conclusions are that he did not murder Warburton?"

"Yes, sir."

"I cannot see how you can arrive at such a conclusion in the face of all facts, Dick Doom."

"Well, chief, if we took appearances of guilt at all times, hangings would be an every-day affair."

"True."

"Now I admit that the evidence is conclusive of guilt upon the face of it, yet I believe I see a proof of innocence too."

"What for instance?"

"I cannot explain really."

"But he has the appearance of being guiltless in the first place, and his surprise and indignation at the robbery of the dead man if feigned was the best piece of acting I ever saw."

"He is a very clever man, Dick Doom."

"Yes, sir, a remarkably clever man."

"Full of nerve."

"I never saw a man with better nerves, sir."

"Cool, deliberate and fearless."

"All of that, chief."

"He flinched under the letter though?"

"No."

"You think not?"

"He was surprised, only, as far as I could judge."

"Then you think there is a plot against him?"

"I do."

"A plot formed by a man now dead, and who will, from his grave, send him to the gallows."

"It seems so, sir."

"Have you ever heard of this Reverend Monkton he has written to?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"Who is he?"

"A very nice man, sir, always willing to do good when in his power," was Dick Doom's reply, and he looked the picture of innocence in his disguise as an Irish policeman, and which, by the way, was a most perfect make-up.

"Well, perhaps the Reverend Monkton can tell us something about this mysterious man, for I wish to see him after he has visited the prisoner."

"I will leave word then, sir, for him to come to you."

"Yes, do so."

"But what is your opinion of this letter from the dead Warburton?"

"It is most compromising, sir, and will alone be testimony sufficient to hang him."

"Yet, you say you do not believe in his guilt?"

"I say, sir, if the man did commit suicide, if the story of Wallace Conwallis is true, and there was a plot to destroy him, the man who planned so cleverly to do so by taking his own life, could also plan to have every evidence to support the belief that he was murdered, and for reason."

"Dick Doom, you have a very clear way of getting at facts."

"Thank you, sir."

"Of course I see, from your standpoint, that if the man did kill himself then he might have plotted to have no mistake in the man he wished to hang being proven his murderer."

"Yes, sir."

"He could have planned and plotted well, so there could be no escape for the one suspected or accused."

"He could."

"But he would have to have an accomplice."

"Beyond all doubt, sir."

"Then you are to work on that belief?"

"I am, sir."

"And find the accomplice of the dead man, if he really did commit suicide?"

"Exactly."

"How will you go about it?"

"I have not yet evolved a plan, sir."

"Then you start out to prove the dead man guilty?"

"I do."

"And if you can prove him so?"

"The dead man being guilty of suicide, sir, the prisoner is innocent of his murder."

"Very true."

"But you will have the hardest task of your life, Dick Doom."

"I do not doubt that, chief."

"But now I have some other work to do, so will leave."

"Come in to-morrow some time."

"I will, sir," and Dick Doom took his departure.

He went at once toward his own house, arriving there just after dark.

He went to his room where he kept his disguises, changed from the Irish policeman to the simple countryman once more, and then went down to his dinner.

He ate heartily, as though he did not allow his business, however complicated, to interfere with his duty to himself, and after reading over carefully all of the afternoon papers, and clipping out all that was said upon the mysterious murder of Willis Warburton, as it was called, he pasted each slip carefully in a scrap-book, making a note of the paper and the date.

This scrap-book was new, and yet had already been labeled upon the back:

"CONWALLIS vs. WARBURTON CASE."

He placed the scrap-book upon a shelf where there were a number of others, bearing upon different cases, and then taking a seat thrust his hands into his pockets and began to think.

Thus he sat for fully an hour, showing no sign of dropping off to sleep, in spite of his not having retired all the night before.

At last he arose and began to walk to and fro, his hands still in his pockets, his whole appearance that of a man who was lost in deepest reverie.

At last he said aloud.

"Now, I can go to rest, for I believe I have got this case as clear as it can be until all the facts are in."

"Yes, I believe that Willis Warburton was not murdered by Wallace Conwallis."

Half an hour after Dick Doom was slumbering serenely in his comfortable bed.

CHAPTER XI.

DICK DOOM AS A PARSON.

"THE parson to see you, Mr. Conwallis," said the guard to the prisoner the second day after the visit of the chief of police with Dick Doom in disguise.

Wallace Conwallis was taking life coolly.

He was a surprise to all in the prison who saw him, so calm was he, so unmoved by the position in which he found himself.

His nerve was the admiration of all, and men wondered that he could show the indifference which he did to his fate.

The chief had sent him things asked for from his rooms, so that he was as comfortable as he could be in such a place.

He was courteous to all, sung, or whistled, sketched or read and enjoyed his meals, while he slept soundly the guard said.

When the parson entered the artist beheld a sleek-faced individual with heavy-rimmed gold glasses, long hair combed straight, a high collar and white tie, his clothes being of somber black and clerical cut.

He wore a high hat around which was a broad band of black crape, and carried both an umbrella and cane.

"You are the prisoner, Wallace Conwallis, who sent for me?" said the parson in a sepulchral tone that had a hark from the Tombs cadence to it.

"Yes, sir, and I thank you for coming," was the courteous response, and the prisoner placed his easy-chair for his visitor, who sunk into it with the resigned air of one who knew a good thing when he found it.

The guard had locked the parson in the cell and retired, and when he had gotten out of ear-shot of the two, the prisoner said:

"You are the Reverend Doctor Elijah Monkton, I believe?"

"I am."

"I was told by one in whom I have faith, if I desired to see him, to communicate with you."

"I am the one who told you."

"You?"

"Yes."

"You are surely not Dick Doom?" asked Wallace Conwallis in a whisper.

"Yes, I am Dick Doom."

"I would never have suspected it."

"Why?"

"Your disguise is so complete."

"I have to be well disguised in my work."

"Well, you are an expert at it."

"Thanks."

"You have keen eyes, and are a close observer, yet you did not know me when last I called."

"Have you seen me since we parted the other night at your house?"

"Yes, twice."

"Where?"

"I dogged your steps after you left, to see if you intended to give yourself up."

"Ah!"

"And I saw you again."

"Where?"

"In this cell."

"When was that?"

"I was here with the chief of police."

"What! the Irish policeman?"

"Yes."

"Did the chief know you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Are you serving him or me?"

"Both."

"No man can serve two masters, the Bible says."

"The Bible is not my guide just now, but the law of right and money."

"Well?"

"By serving the State, and not known to be in your service, I get both sides of the case."

"You are right."

"I have the utmost confidence in you."

"So I discovered when I was here."

"How so?"

"You said that there were two who believed in your innocence."

"Well?"

"One was a woman."

"How do you know?"

"I guessed it."

"Granted."

"The other was a man."

"Who?"

"Myself."

"Granted again."

"You wanted to see me for some purpose in particular?"

"I did."

"What is it?"

"You heard the chief read a letter he found in my rooms?"

"Yes."

"What do you think of it?"

"I wish your explanation of it."

"I gave it to the chief."

"Give it again."

"It was not the letter sent me by Willis Warburton, by mail, and which caused me to go to his house."

"Where is that letter?"

"I had it in my pocket when I went there, for I read it over again in the car, on my way there."

"You did not lose it?"

"No."

"Then it was taken from you when you were drugged?"

"It was."

"And the one the chief had?"

"Was placed in my room for the very purpose that happened, to be found."

"Well?"

"And my revolver was stolen to criminate me with, by being found by the body of Warburton."

"You are sure the revolver was taken from your room and the letter placed there?"

"I am."

"Well, it is a complicated case, and shows a deep plot to destroy you."

"It does. But when I visited you was I excited?"

"Not in the least."

"I had my senses about me?"

"Fully."

"Then, if guilty, would I have been so silly as to leave such a letter in my rooms and my own revolver upon the floor by the dead man?"

"You are too cool a man, in my opinion, to have done so weak a thing."

"And to have robbed the man I said had taken his own life?"

"Yet he was robbed."

"True, from all reports; but after I left the house, Dick Doom, the dead man was robbed," replied the prisoner, impulsively.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DETECTIVE'S DISCOVERY.

DICK DOOM eyed the prisoner with the closest scrutiny while he spoke, and then said:

"Well, you say that the letter the chief read here is not the one you received?"

"It is not."

"You assert that you did not kill Willis Warburton?"

"I do."

"You vow that you did not rob him after he was dead?"

"Most solemnly I do."

"Well, have you any other facts to give me to work upon?"

"None."

"You will give me no clue to your past life?"

"It is with the present, not the past, that you have to deal."

"It is like a blind man groping in the dark."

"Then feel your way, and as you are both in my employ and that of the State, you have a double advantage."

"I have."

"And will make the best use of both?"

"I will."

"Let me say again that I have full confidence in you."

"I am glad of that; but now I must go, and if you come to any decision as to what you may wish to make known to me, send for Parson Monkton as before."

"I will; but I have nothing more to tell."

"Do not let your obstinacy hang you," curtly said the detective.

"It is not obstinacy."

"What is it, then?"

"It is that I will hang before I save my life by compromising others."

"Ah!"

Dick Doom smiled as he uttered the exclamation, offered his hand in farewell, and then halted in his going as his eyes fell upon the sketch on the wall of the scene of the tragedy.

"That is perfect in detail, Mr. Conwallis."

"You are indeed a great artist."

"Thank you."

"What do you think of this, sketched from memory?"

He handed out a piece of drawing-board, upon which was the face of a man.

"Willis Warburton?"

"Yes."

"It is perfect."

"And these?"

"Are the chief and myself?"

"Yes, as the Irish officer."

"Well, it will be too bad to let you hang, if only on account of your great genius."

"Circumstantial evidence has put to death many a far greater genius than I am, Dick Doom," was the significant response.

"Doubtless."

"But now I am off."

"I will sketch you as the parson this time, and will leave to you the set of sketches if they hang me," said Wallace Conwallis, with a smile.

"I shall appreciate them, yet rather not receive them as a death legacy," and with a wave of the hand Dick Doom left the cell, while the artist sat down at the little table and from memory began to rapidly sketch the detective in his disguise as a parson.

"How did you find the prisoner, sir?" asked the officer in charge of the Tombs as the supposed parson went through the office.

"In a very hopeful frame of mind."

"For his future in Heaven or his escape from the gallows?"

"He seemed only hopeful that he would be proven innocent."

"Then he did not confess to the killing?"

"Not he."

"He is a wonder to us all."

"Yes; and if he is hanged he will go to the gallows without the shadow of fear."

"I believe you, sir."

And Dick Doom passed on, went to his home, and soon after, in his disguise as the countryman, went down to visit the chief of police.

The chief had nothing new to tell him, and so the detective made up his mind he would call upon the servant of the artist.

He found the man, a German, who spoke English well, at his room a couple of squares from where the artist lived.

"Your name is Fritz Olsen, is it not?" asked Dick Doom, entering the room suddenly and without knocking.

The man was sitting at a table near the window and sprung to his feet, startled by the sudden entrance of Dick Doom.

"It was, oh yah," he said.

"I have come to have a talk with you about the young artist you served."

"Yes, mine friend."

"How long were you in his service?"

"Just one year."

"How did you happen to go there?"

"I was hear from the janitors he wants one man for valet, so I goes, and he tells me yes."

"He always paid your wages promptly?"

"Oh, yes."

"And gave you other money too?"

"A leetle."

"And clothes?"

"Some leetle."

"He was a good man to work for?"

"Oh, yes."

"What hour did you go there in the morning?"

"Seven hours."

"And when did you leave?"

"At dark, unless he have company at night."

"Did he have much company?"

"Sometimes."

"Did he work much?"

"Very much."

"Had he any lady visitors?"

"Plenty ladies come to studio."

"Any one in particular that you know of?"

"No."

"Think if you can recall any one young lady who called often?"

"Don't know."

"Did you ever carry a note to any lady for him?"

"One time."

"When?"

"Three months ago."

"Where did you take it?"

"To Fifth avenue Hotels."

"Who was she?"

"Her name Mees Eleanor Iverson, I remember."

"Did you see her?"

"I did."

"Describe her."

"Oh, she was so beautiful, with yellow hair and black eyes."

"Did you ever see Mr. Willis Warburton at the studio?"

"No, he never come there."

"How do you know?" asked Dick Doom.

"The gentlemen tell me names to give Mr. Conwallis."

"I see," and Dick Doom, after a few more questions left the room of the valet, with the remark:

"That man is no German, for the letter he was writing was in perfect English, as I saw."

CHAPTER XIII.

PLOTTING.

DICK DOOM did not go far after leaving the room of the valet of the artist prisoner.

He stopped for an instant in the dark hall of the tenement-house, turned his coat, which was black on the under side, then took a cap out of the top of his large soft hat, the latter being flattened out and put under his vest.

His high standing shirt collar was turned down over his cravat, a false mustache was stuck upon his lip, and thus, almost in a minute of time, he had completely changed his disguise.

Taking a stand near the door of the tenement he waited with all the patience of an Indian for Fritz Olsen to come out.

It was an hour before he did so, and when he did come he walked up the street to a drug-store, bought a stamp and putting it upon a letter mailed it at a box near by.

Then he went on his way, but Dick Doom did not.

He waited for the letter-gatherer to come around and went with him to the Post Office station.

There he asked to see the superintendent and said:

"Here is my badge, sir, as a United States and city detective, and I wish only to look over with you the letters taken from the box which is upon the corner of Seventh avenue and ——— street."

"A glance at a letter will give me the address and that is all I wish."

With the authority shown by Dick Doom the superintendent glanced over the letters with him, seven in number.

"That is the letter, for I recognize the hand," and the address on the back of one letter was taken down by Dick Doom, who then went to his home.

Once in the privacy of his own room he threw off his disguise and began to pace to and fro.

As he did so he mused aloud:

"Now I say that Wallace Conwallis is not guilty of murdering Warburton; but to prove it is the question."

"I must form a plot, and stop at nothing to aid me solve the mystery, for solve it I will."

"That pretended German is not a German, but an Englishman, for his letter was English and not foreign."

"Then, too, it was addressed to a woman in England, and that is further proof."

"The lady to whom he took the note, was, I found by reference to the register of the hotel, Miss Eleanor Iverson of Tennessee."

"She stopped three days at the hotel and was in company with a schoolmate and her mother."

"I must see this Miss Iverson and discover what she knows about the prisoner, and will write to the chief of police of the town in England where the valet's letter is addressed and see what I can find out about the woman who is his correspondent."

"There is no use trying to get any information from Conwallis as to who he is, for he will not give it, for some reason best known to himself."

"This Miss Iverson may help me, and by finding out who this English woman is I may discover something of the Englishman, alias Fritz Olsen, for he has not changed his name and nation without some good reason for his own advantage."

"I have little time to plot and act, as the trial will come off in a few weeks and sentence to death will follow; but before he goes to the gallows will be some months, and in that time my plot can develop, I hope, for I am becoming most deeply interested in this young artist, who will die with his lips sealed, when by a confession which I believe he can make, he can save his life."

"Well, I can only watch and wait, two watchwords which have subdued armies."

Just four days after, Dick Doom, dressed once more in his favorite disguise, rode up to an elegant old country house in the State of Tennessee.

The servant who met him at the door told him that Miss Eleanor Iverson was in, and soon after she swept into the parlor.

She was a beautiful girl of eighteen, with large, dreamy eyes, golden hair, and a low, musical voice, while her manner was very fascinating.

She greeted the detective pleasantly, and asked him to be seated, while he said abruptly:

"Do you know Mr. Wallace Conwallis, the artist, Miss Iverson?"

She started, her face flushed and then paled, but she asked, with perfect composure:

"Why do you ask me of Mr. Conwallis?"

"Are you aware that he is in prison, accused of murder?"

"I am; and I am also aware that he is not guilty."

"Can you prove this?"

"Did he send you to me to ask it?"

"Suppose that I say he did?"

"Give me your proof."

Dick Doom was caught, but said:

"I saw Mr. Conwallis in his cell in the Tombs five days ago."

"That is no proof that he sent you to me."

"I am—I will tell you in confidence—employed by him as his detective to prove his innocence."

"Show me your proof."

"I have no other proof than my word."

"Pardon me, but that is not sufficient."

"What more do you wish?"

"I wish proof that Wallace Conwallis sent you to me to get my aid in saving him from the gallows."

"Miss Iverson, I am going to tell you the whole truth."

"Do so, please."

"Mr. Conwallis put his case in my hands, but he refused to say anything about himself, and will do nothing to save himself."

"To get all the information I could I went to his valet and by questioning, found that he had carried a note from the artist to you at the Fifth Avenue Hotel."

"I got your address from the Register and came here to see you, hoping to secure your aid in saving him."

"I can do nothing unless Wallace Conwallis asks it."

"If he does, I will act."

"If he refuses?"

"Then, when there is no longer any hope come to me and I will answer you," was the response of the young girl, and with this Dick Doom was compelled to be satisfied, so took his leave, muttering to himself:

"She is as mysterious as is Conwallis."

CHAPTER XIV.

A PRISONER FOR DEATH.

ADVERTISING brought no claimant as heir to what had been left by Willis Warburton, and Dick Doom took possession of the old house to keep it until some one should appear, for it was found to have belonged to the dead man.

And no one appeared, either, to befriend the young artist, other than the few friends he had made since coming to New York, and nothing could be found out as to his past life.

The day of trial came round, the prisoner told his story, which was just as he had told it to the chief of police, and then the testimony against him, of the robbery, the letter found in his rooms, his revolver taken from the side of the dead man, was made known and all saw at once that there was no chance of his escape.

The valet of the dead Warburton was called to prove that his employer was ill, and a gentle natured man, one it was a pleasure to serve.

The valet of the artist had nothing to say against his employer, except that he was dissipated to a limited extent and had a violent temper.

The manly bearing and outspoken manner of the prisoner were in his favor, but the proofs of guilt were against him, and his conviction, on the evidence as presented, could not but follow, and the jury returned the verdict of guilty.

He did not flinch at the conviction, and when asked if he had aught to say why sentence should not be passed upon him, Wallace Conwallis arose, glanced calmly over the crowd of faces before him and fixing his eyes upon the jury, said in a voice in which there was not the slightest tremor:

"I have only to say, your Honor, that the jury found me guilty upon circumstantial evidence only, and they did their duty as they saw it."

"But I am innocent of the crime I am charged with, the death of Willis Warburton lies not upon my conscience, and though I came before this court with a hope of acquittal, a hope for life, I go back to my cell a prisoner for death, for I read in your face, your Honor, that I am to be hanged, and may Heaven forgive you and that jury, as I do."

A deathlike silence followed the words of the prisoner, and that they left a most painful influence upon all was evident.

At the request of the convicted man the judge at once passed sentence upon him.

It was the sentence of death, for the time was set for him "to be hanged by the neck until he was dead, dead, dead."

Not a muscle of his handsome face quivered as

he heard it, and with upright bearing and fearless mien he walked between his guards back to his prison cell, a "prisoner for death" as he had said.

Half an hour after his return to his cell there was a visitor announced.

It was the Reverend Elijah Monkton.

He was promptly admitted, and the guard left the prisoner alone with his supposed pious adviser.

"Well, Mr. Doom, you know my fate?"

"Yes; I was in the court-house."

"You saw and heard all, then?"

"Everything; and I have just this to say, that you have more nerve than any man I ever came in contact with."

"Perhaps you never came in contact with a man in like position."

"Oh, yes!"

"Oh, no! for those you saw were guilty, while I am innocent."

"If guilty, I could have shown bravado, but not true courage."

"Confident of my innocence, I have no fear, and I will go to my fate as a soldier does to battle."

"See here, Conwallis, why do you not prove your innocence?"

"How can I?"

"I believe that you can."

"Dick Doom!"

"Well?"

"If I chose to cause others to suffer I could clear myself; but I will not do so, and that ends it."

"You will die first?"

"I will."

"Then I must still try to save you unaided?"

"Yes; for in placing myself in your hands I have done all that I will do."

"Mr. Conwallis, do you know Miss Eleanor Iverson?"

"Ha!"

"Where did you hear of her?" asked the prisoner, for once dropping his calm manner.

"As you would tell me nothing about yourself I set to work to find out."

"What have you found out?"

"Next to nothing," and Dick Doom told how he had heard of Eleanor Iverson from his valet, and of his visit to her.

"What did she tell you?"

"Not a word more than to say that if I brought no proof from you that she would keep silent."

"I can give you no word."

"I am sorry."

"What you do you must accomplish unaided by me."

"I gave you the story and I have left all to you, and am, of course, sorry you give up the case."

"Oh, no, I do not give up the case, for I am not built that way; but I wanted more light if I could get it."

"You cannot from me."

"I have a favor to ask of you."

"Well?"

"I wish you to give me, as a souvenir of you, that ring you wear."

"Mr. Doom, that ring is an heirloom and is already pledged, so you see that I cannot give it to you; but I will ask you to take and send it to one other."

"I will do so."

"Who am I to send it to?"

"Miss Eleanor Iverson, whom you visited."

"Notify her of my death, and what I leave she will claim, with authority from me."

"I will do so; but remember, I have by no means given up your case," and taking the ring Dick Doom left the prisoner alone with his gloomy thoughts.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

THE letter which came in response to Dick Doom's communication to the chief of police in the English town to which the valet, Fritz Olsen, had written, was as follows:

"DEAR SIR—

"The Mrs. Ellen Burton, of whom you make inquiry, is an American lady of wealth who has lived in the suburbs of our town for years, having purchased a handsome country seat on the river."

"She is a lady of past fifty years, still handsome, but with an expression that is very austere."

"She lives in handsome style, with only a few servants, and has no visitors, though a few weeks ago her son came to visit her and is still here, and the servants say that he is from New York."

"Thinking from your letter that you might be in search of a criminal, I bribed a servant to get for me a photograph of the lady and her son, and you will find them inclosed."

"Any service I can render you, command me."

Dick Doom unwrapped the photographs and gave a low whistle as he glanced at them.

Then he sprung to his feet, went to his desk, wrote a few lines to the chief of police and began to change his attire, after which he packed a small trunk.

That afternoon he stood upon the deck of a steamer bound for Liverpool, an eye-glass in one eye, a heavy cane in hand, checkered suit, patent-leather shoes, a cap to match the pattern of his clothes, and a collar high and stiff, the very picture of a dude going abroad.

In just ten days he was in the English town from whence had come the letter from the chief of police, and putting up at the hotel he engaged rooms for a week or more, hired a horse and a drag and began to enjoy himself in a great way.

He seemed to most enjoy his walks along the river-bank and often found himself roaming in the grounds of the Burton home.

A few days after his arrival he departed suddenly for London, and the following day a servant appeared at Burton Manor in answer to an advertisement for a butler.

He got the place, held it for a week and was discharged as incompetent.

He went at once to the home of the chief of police and said to that person:

"I have to introduce myself, sir, as Dick Doom who wrote you from America regarding Mrs. Ellen Burton."

"I came here disguised, stopped at the hotel, discovered sufficient of a suspicious nature for me to bribe a servant to leave, when I at once secured his place."

"I remained there for a few days and have made a discovery that pleases me, but, as I return at once to the United States I leave these papers for you to look over and act upon when you receive word from me."

"Now, I must hasten to catch my steamer," and after a hurried conversation of a few minutes longer with the chief of police, Dick Doom drove to the train and that night found him again upon the ocean.

Upon his arrival in New York he went at once to see the chief of police of that city, and the two were closeted together for a couple of hours.

Then, in his disguise as Reverend Elijah Monkton he called at the Tombs and was admitted to the cell of Wallace Conwallis, who greeted him cordially.

"Time is flying fast, my friend."

"Yes, Mr. Conwallis, it is; but I believe I am going to help you out of this scrape, and I merely came in to give you a ray of hope, for I well know that you must need it."

"Have you seen Miss Iverson?" quickly asked the prisoner.

"I have not, sir, for see, I still wear your ring to her as you requested."

"Thank you."

"But what hope have you for me?"

"I must not tell, for I do not wish to raise hopes that may be utterly dashed to the ground, and yet I wish you to feel that I have a belief that you will not be hanged."

"There is only one way that I can be saved."

"How is that?"

"By your discovering the secret which I will not tell."

"That is it, is it?"

"Yes."

"Maybe I will do so."

"No, that is impossible."

"We shall see, but if you deemed it impossible why did you put your case in my hands?"

"Because I wished to see if the mystery could be solved without my aid."

"I had heard of you, read of you, and I went to you as a forlorn hope."

"I did not wish to be suspected of murder, and I told my story as it was; but I had hopes that you might find some clue that might save me without my doing aught to do so."

"And I believe that I have."

"You have not seen Miss Eleanor Iverson, you say?"

"Not again."

"I cannot think then what you have done."

"All that I could do, and I bid you hope."

"Good-by," and Dick Doom was gone.

"No, I have not seen Miss Eleanor Iverson again, but I soon will do so," he muttered.

And that night found him once more upon his way to Tennessee.

He made inquiry this time before going to call upon Miss Iverson, and was told that she lived with an aunt, whose heiress she was said to be, her parents being dead.

"The young lady had been educated North, and having graduated, had come home to care

for her aunt, who was an invalid, in her declining years.

All who knew her loved her, and yet there was one whom Dick Doom questioned, who said:

"She is beautiful and good, generous to the poor, and should be happy, very happy; but I believe that she has known some deep grief, carries some sorrow in her heart, perhaps has loved and lost."

And Dick Doom felt, too, that Eleanor Iverson carried a great grief in her heart, and what it was he had vowed to find out.

"It is seldom I make a vow, but I have vowed to solve this mystery, and, by Heaven, I will!" said Dick Doom as he wended his way to the house of Eleanor Iverson.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DETECTIVE'S MUSINGS.

"WELL, I am on the right track, for I see in the situation as it is at present real hope that I can save that strange young man in spite of himself."

So mused Dick Doom as he sat in his hotel in the little room near where dwelt Eleanor Iverson.

He had made all the inquiries regarding the young lady, yet could find no clue to connect her in any way with Wallace Conwallis the artist, in such a way, as to discover how his fate might rest in her hands.

He could not understand what the secret could be that a man would refuse to make known, when his life was at stake by his not doing so.

That the young artist meant just what he said he felt assured.

Wallace Conwallis was not the man to tell that which might destroy others, merely to save his own life.

He was made of sterner material and he had the will and nerve to die with sealed lips.

Dick Doom had played a little sharp practice upon his client, by receiving the ring from him, for he had formed a scheme he intended to carry out and thus save Wallace Conwallis.

"I have never in my life had just such a case as this," he mused, as he sat in his room at the hotel waiting for his horse to come around, when he would ride out to see Eleanor Iverson.

"He is the most remarkable man I ever met, too, in my varied career as a detective."

"I declare this life of a Secret Service man fascinates me completely, and I will never be good for anything else, I fear."

"If I had chosen to take blood-money I could ere this have made a large fortune in rewards; but I prefer only to accept legitimate pay for legitimate work, and as it is I am making an exceedingly liberal income."

"But now to my plan of action in this Conwallis case."

"I must get all the information from Miss Iverson; yes, she must be forced to speak, for if she does not, I fear very much I cannot bring proof strong enough to save that good man."

"Those photographs I got in England, the proof I obtained there, only connects those people in a certain way, while I must get the missing links to make the chain complete."

"Those links Miss Iverson alone can give, or Conwallis can, though he will not."

"I wonder if that lovely girl will really see Wallace Conwallis die and keep silent, when a word from her can save him?"

"I would hardly think so, judging from her face, and yet he seems to hold a power over her which will not allow her to speak without his permission to do so."

"It is a remarkable case all the way through; but this ring is my trump card, and I shall play it for all it is worth."

The detective took the ring from his finger and gazed at it as though it held a fascination for him.

It was a handsome ring and one of considerable value, while it was unique in style and evidently held some secret hidden meaning.

At last the detective felt that it was time for him to start, and his horse having come round from the stable, he mounted and rode away.

The home he sought was out in the country, and he rode along the picturesque highway enjoying the scenery through which he passed in spite of his thoughts being busy with the work he had in hand, and which he had entered into body and soul.

The case did indeed hold a fascination for him which he could not resist.

He went over in his mind just how Wallace Conwallis had come to him in the dead hour of the night, and in a terrible storm, and told him the most remarkable story he had ever listened to, of an enemy, feeling that he was dying of consumption, was willing to cut his days short

merely to seek revenge for some wrong done him in the past, or a fancied wrong.

Instead of getting into a repentant humor as he faced death, he became revengeful, and so had plotted to get his foe into his power, take his own life and thus have his enemy accused of the crime of murdering, with everything pointing to his having done so for his own benefit.

"If this man Warburton did do this, then I never heard of a case in which his art of diabolical revenge was equaled," muttered Dick Doom as he rode slowly along.

Then he recalled that no one at the trial could be found to believe in the innocence of the accused artist, and that he alone did believe in him and was working to clear him yet, though he was then a prisoner for death, calmly awaiting the day of his execution.

"I have vowed that I will save him, and I will do so."

"That beautiful girl shall aid me, for if she refuses then she is no more than a fiend," he said emphatically as he rode into the massive gate leading to the home of Miss Iverson.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE POWER OF A RING.

MISS IVERSON was at home and soon entered the parlor to find that her visitor was the same strange man who had before called upon her.

She was paler now, her face had a haggard look, and Dick Doom felt deep pity welling up in his heart for her.

"I am here again, Miss Iverson."

"So I see, sir."

"Be seated, please."

"Are we wholly alone?"

"Yes."

"Will you be certain that there are no eavesdroppers about?"

"I am sure."

"Do you recognize this ring?"

"Oh, yes, Wallace Conwallis wore it."

"Yes."

"How came you by it?"

"He sent it to you."

"Ah!"

"He has given up all hope then?"

"No, there is hope."

"Thank Heaven!"

"It is through you."

"Through me?"

"Yes."

"What can I say or do?"

"Is not that ring from him proof that I can be trusted?"

"Yes, it is."

"And will you trust me?"

"He has indeed given up all hope if he wishes me to speak."

"Would you see him die upon the gallows when you alone can save him?"

"Mr. Doom, you do not know how I am placed, when you do you will understand all."

"You can save him?"

"Yes, and I have felt that it was my duty to do so, no matter who else suffered."

"When I was certain that there was no appeal, no hope for him, I intended to act."

"Then act now and let me know all, that that noble boy may be saved."

"I will do so, now that you bring me this ring, for it shows that Wallace has given up all other hope of being saved."

"This ring he told you about?"

"Only that it was an heirloom."

"It was the ring that belonged to our father."

"His father?"

"And mine."

"Ah! you are his sister then?"

"I am, for my present name I took at the wish of my aunt, my father's sister in whose home I now am."

"My brother brought me to her when I was but twelve years of age, and left me with her, while he went his way to seek his fortune, to fight against a cruel fate, to make his way in the world."

"The vessel he sailed on was lost at sea, and all on board were supposed to be lost."

"He had left with me some papers in a sealed box, which I was to keep for him until he returned."

"Believing him to be dead, one day, on my seventeenth birthday, I opened the box."

"Thus was it that three years ago I discovered, through these papers, the secret he carried in his heart and which he sought to hide from the world."

"I discovered, Mr. Doom, for I must tell you all, though it reddens my face with shame, that our mother, when a girl of sixteen, had run away from school with the French professor at

the academy she attended, and six years after had returned to the house of her parents a repentant woman."

"She said that she had been deserted by the man she loved with all her heart and soul, and she was taken back by her parents, with joy at her return, for she was an only child, and if she had sinned deeply, she had repented and suffered cruelly."

"Several years after, a still beautiful woman of twenty-five, she had an offer of marriage from a man much older than herself, and who was of an aristocratic family, and very rich."

"He loved her devotedly, knew of her mistake in early life, forgave it and made her his wife."

"That noble man was the father of Wallace and myself."

"My mother never loved him, however, and one day he met her face to face with the Frenchman, the man with whom she had fled from school in her girlhood."

"A scene followed which ended in my father receiving a fatal wound, and his slayer fled to escape punishment."

"My brother Wallace, then sixteen, heard my father's confession of our mother's wrong, and received from him the papers in proof of all, that the one she had married, as she believed, was already a married man."

"Soon after the burial of our father there came to our home two young men of twenty-one, for they were brothers, and twins."

"My mother said that these were the children of a dear friend who had made her their guardian, but my brother, even then, knew, through my father's confession, that they were her own children."

"He knew that they were the sons of the French professor, our own half-brothers, but he kept the secret, not even allowing our mother to suspect his knowledge of it."

"From the day of their coming the two brothers became masters in our house."

"They cared not for Wallace and I, and we could see that they were the idols whom our mother-worshiped, where we were only tolerated."

"She allowed them to squander our inheritance, which was in her keeping, and one day when one of them felled Wallace by a cruel blow, because he resented the manner in which he spoke to me, my brother came to me and asked if I would run away with him, and come here to our father's sister, and live?"

"I gladly consented, and he brought me here, as I told you, and our poor unfortunate mother was not allowed to take us home again, for those two men ruled her as with an iron rod."

"My aunt was kind to me, and I was glad to remain, and, but for the supposed death of my brother Wallace who had gone to sea, as I told you, I would have been happy."

"There it was that I discovered that fatal secret, when home on vacation, and was glad to get back to my studies again."

"One day in New York I saw in the papers a notice of a painting by a young artist just over from Europe."

"The name was Wallace Conwallis, but I knew that it was my brother, and I wrote a note to him asking why he had allowed me to believe him dead."

An answer soon came to the hotel telling me that it was my brother, and that he would call upon me that evening."

"He did so, and then I learned all."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SECRET TOLD.

MISS IVERSON paused in her story for a moment, but Dick Doom made no comment.

There seemed a spell upon him which he did not care to break by word of his.

As he did not speak, Eleanor Iverson continued in the same low, sad tone in which she had before spoken:

"When I saw my brother he told me that he alone had been saved of the wrecked crew, but had been anxious to remain as dead to the world that he might watch over my safety."

"He had written our mother, when we ran away, that he would care for me, and she had not known that he had taken me to Aunt Iverson to care for."

"He had wished our mother and half brothers to believe I had sailed with him, for he dreaded the latter might wish me out of the way, and so he put my name with his on the books of the vessel in which he sailed for England."

"Our mother let it be known that we had been sent abroad by her to attend school in France, and so it was believed by all."

"Whether she mourned our supposed loss or

not, I do not know; but a couple of years after one of her twin sons, to save himself from ruin, committed forgery for a large sum, was detected and fled the country to save himself from going to prison.

"Disgraced by his act our mother and her remaining son, sold out her property here and went abroad.

"It was a year and a half ago that I met my brother Wallace again, and we attended the opera with him in New York one night, when, in the box opposite he recognized, with a lady, one of our half brothers, the one who had committed forgery and fled the country.

"I knew him also, and that night Wallace told me that he had met him in France at a club, and he had been insulted by him, and a duel had followed.

"A splendid swordsman, Wallace had run him through the sword arm and disarmed him, for he would not kill him.

"Again they met in Italy, where Wallace was studying art, for his brush and pencil had gained money sufficient for him in his travels to allow him to roam about the world, and insulted before his fellow artists, my brother was again driven to meet his insulter, no one, as before, knowing the kindred tie between them.

"With Wallace dead he would still claim the riches left by our father and in our mother's keeping.

"But, a dead shot, my brother wounded him in the arm, and so once more they parted, to meet again at the opera in New York.

"I came South with the friends I was then with, while my poor brother remained in New York and rose rapidly in fame, for we have steadily corresponded.

"And your mother?" asked Dick Doom, speaking for the first time.

"Is dwelling in England, Wallace told me."

"Alone?"

"Yes, for her other son killed a man at a card table in France, and had to fly to save his life."

"And the one in New York was the forger?"

"Yes."

"The one with whom your brother fought the two duels?"

"Yes."

"In one he wounded him in the arm with a sword, in the other in the same arm with a bullet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was there a striking resemblance between the twin brothers, Miss Iverson?"

"Most striking, sir."

"In face and form?"

"Yes, and as I recall them in voice and mannerism."

"Your brother knows nothing of the one who killed a man over a game of cards and fled?"

"He knows nothing about him, sir."

"Now tell me in what way this testimony will save your brother, Miss Iverson?"

"It will prove that the letter written by Willis Warburton was written for effect, there being no truth in the assertions it contained, for I read it all in the papers."

"True, very true."

"And in what else?"

"It will show that we were really driven from our home, that those two men squandered our inheritance, that one of them was a fugitive from justice for the crime of forgery, the other for murder."

"It will prove that one of them dogged my brother's tracks in Europe to kill him, and that his life was twice spared by Wallace."

"It will prove that he sought to entrap him and kill him here, and, being ill and nearing death, did seek to punish him after death by taking his own life."

"Very true."

"Then too, I can show that my brother owed no debts, as was reported, and that he had laid up quite a large sum by investments in the West in lands, and that the stories of his dissipation and extravagance were all circulated by that man who sought to ruin him by every means in his power, to prejudice the people, the jury and the court against him."

"You reason well, Miss Iverson."

"But now let me ask you a few questions?"

"Certainly, Mr. Doom, for I am willing to answer anything, now that I know you are my brother's friend, that he has unsealed my lips by sending you to me with this ring."

"Unsealed your lips, Miss Iverson?"

"Yes."

"In what respect, may I ask?"

"Has his not sending you to me with this ring released me of my vow?"

"Ah, yes, your vow."

"The vow we both made that for life or death we would not, until one of us should deem it just, reveal one act of the past that would place this shameful secret before the public."

"And what was your motive for making this vow and not claiming your rights: your motive, Miss Iverson, in allowing your brother to hang if you could save him?" asked Dick Doom impressively.

"Our motive was to spare our poor, unfortunate mother, for be she what she may, she is still our mother, and we could only cover her with shame by letting the secret be known."

"But Wallace must be saved, though she be the one to suffer," was the firm response of Eleanor Iverson.

CHAPTER XIX.

A MAN'S TREACHERY.

WHEN Eleanor Iverson uttered the last words of her story, her confession of the secret which she held, and would not have made known but for the belief that Wallace Conwallis had bidden her speak, a strange light, crossed the face of Dick Doom.

He had listened to her every word, with the air of one fascinated by her manner as well as what she said.

He saw a beautiful girl telling him that which his client Conwallis would not tell, even to save his life, and he felt that but for the power of the ring, gotten from the artist, Eleanor Iverson would never have spoken as she did.

It was true that she had said that it was her duty to speak at the last moment, to save her brother, when she saw that he would not do so.

But would she not have spoken too late to be of service?

Her story had no facts to clinch what she said, save in her own word.

It was strong and full of proof only in the face of the facts he held in his possession.

But strong it certainly was and every word of it should be used in favor of the doomed artist.

He felt that he had tricked Eleanor Iverson to get her secret, but then he realized the great gravity of the situation and that she would be glad that he had done so when the result he sought had been gained by his act.

But he must question her more fully.

There were some things he wished to know, and so he would question her.

So he said, after a moment of thought, and during the silence she had watched him eagerly to see the effect of her words:

"Miss Iverson, I thank you for the story you have told me."

"You believe it will be effective?" she eagerly asked.

"I am sure it will, in connection with certain facts I can also bring forward as proof that your brother never murdered Warburton."

"I know that you will save him, for you give me the greatest confidence in you."

"Thank you."

"But what proofs have you?"

"First let me ask you a few questions."

"Certainly."

"I wish you to answer me frankly."

"I will do so."

"Remember, you and I are allied to save your brother from the gallows, so let no sentiment, no sympathy, no dread of others, cause you to fear to tell me all that I would know."

"I will tell you all."

"I must have the whole truth."

"You shall."

"Good!"

"Now let me ask you if this French professor at the academy where your mother was educated, posed as a single man?"

"He did."

"You know this?"

"This was the confession of my mother to her parents."

"She believed that he loved her?"

"She did."

"And she loved him?"

"There was not a shadow of doubt as to that."

"She ran away to wed him?"

"Certainly."

"And they were married?"

"As she believed."

"A ceremony was gone through with?"

"Yes, in a country church some miles from the academy, and my mother has her certificate of marriage."

"But the professor had a wife?"

"Yes, he had left a wife in France."

"Had deserted her?"

"Yes."

"As he did your mother?"

"Yes."

"How long had he been in America when your mother met him?"

"Six years."

"He was a handsome man?"

"Yes, a strangely-attractive man, all said."

"Why did he desert his French wife?"

"I do not know."

"Why did he desert your mother?"

"He was tracked to America by his wife, and warned of her coming, he played a deep game of deceit to entrap her."

"How was that, Miss Iverson?"

"I learned from my brother, who discovered the whole facts of the case, that he deserted my mother when he heard of his wife's coming, and she went back to her parents."

"He meanwhile had secured a place in another academy, as professor, and so left word that his wife might be able to trace him, without learning of his treachery to her and to my mother."

"He had heard how his wife had been left a large fortune, and so he was anxious to meet her."

"As she supposed, she found him living alone, in quiet quarters, and surprised him."

"But the surprise was not to him, for he greeted her with every manifestation of delight, and had letters written to carry out his plot, having sent one to her in France, begging her to forgive his silence, that he had left her to better their fortunes; that he had met with only bad luck until lately, and when able to support her well had sent for her."

"The man was a finished villain," said Dick Doom.

"Yes, and his wife believed his story."

"And took him back into her affection?"

"Oh, yes, for you know women are proverbially weak, where they love a man."

"I have heard so, Miss Iverson," was Dick Doom's quiet rejoinder.

CHAPTER XX.

GATHERING CLUES.

"And this scamp deserted your mother when he heard of his wife's coming?" asked Dick Doom, thoughtfully.

"Yes."

"What were his circumstances when he left your mother?"

"Very good."

"Then his desire was only to better his own condition?"

"He had no other motive, for he had run away with her from the academy, knowing her to be an heiress, and he had hoped to win the forgiveness of her parents."

"But did not?"

"Oh, no!"

"They forgave your mother when she returned to them?"

"Gladly."

"But not the man who had wrecked her life?"

"No."

"It was some years after her runaway match before she returned home?"

"Oh, yes."

"Her children were born in the meanwhile?"

"Yes."

"And he deserted her, leaving her to care for her children, should her parents not take her back?"

"He had sent his twin sons away when they were a year old, placed them under the care of some one whose name even my mother did not know."

"Why did he do this?"

"He had no affection for aught save himself, and he had a business as translator, that caused him to go from place to place."

"He could carry my mother with him but not the children."

"I see, but when he left her, he allowed her to know where they were?"

"He did not."

"The brute!" said Dick Doom emphatically.

"No, he looked well into the future and kept them hidden for a purpose of his own."

"What motive did he give your mother for deserting her?"

"He left a letter confessing the truth."

"He told her that he was married?"

"Yes, and that his wife was upon his track, and he must leave her."

"Then he advised her to go back to her parents and be forgiven."

"And she went?"

"Not for a couple of years after, as she feared to do so."

"But when sick and in great want she mustered up courage to go and throw herself upon their mercy."

"And they forgave her?"

"True."
 "Why did they not take her children?"
 "She kept from them the secret that she had any, for she did not know where they were."
 "Then too she feared she would not be received if she had her children with her, so she made no great effort to find them."
 "And only did so long after?"
 "She inherited her parents' money, and then began the search for her children."
 "But she met my father again, one who had known and loved her when she was a girl, and who, though knowing the sad story of her life, placed no censure upon her and offered her his heart and hand."
 "He was a man to respect, to admire, and he was rich, so she married him, though I am sure she never loved him."
 "It brings a flush of shame to my face to thus speak of my mother; but I feel that I must tell you the whole truth now, and I will do so."
 "I wish to know all, as there may be something of value in the story for your brother, which I, as a detective, can see," said Dick Doom.
 "There is little more to tell, for my mother devoted herself to my father until the man whom she really loved again crossed her path."
 "Though it was long years after her parting with him, and Wallace and I were no longer children, she became fascinated once more with that vile Frenchman and forgave him all."
 "Woman-like."
 Dick Doom muttered this beneath his breath, but Eleanor Iverson heard it and said:
 "Yes, woman-like."
 "And the Frenchman's desertion of her was forgiven?"
 "Yes."
 "Nor was that all, for he had squandered his wife's money and she had died of a broken heart."
 "This my mother knew, but her infatuation was so great that she forgave him, and it was then my father saw her with him and the fatal scene followed."
 "The Frenchman fled after slaying your father?"
 "Yes, and escaped being hanged."
 "And where is he now?"
 "I do not know."
 "But your mother was left in possession of your father's estate?"
 "She was, and her own mistress she at once determined to bring her twin sons to our home."
 "She had found them then?"
 "Yes, she received a letter from the Frenchman telling her where they were, and to take them to her home."
 "And they knew her as their mother?"
 "I am sure they did, though Wallace and I did not, until the confession of my father to him of the whole sad, cruel story."
 "Well, I have heard the story as it is, Miss Iverson, and I feel that there is much in it that will go toward saving your brother."
 "The next thing to do will be to find those twin brothers, their mother and the Frenchman, and I believe that can soon be done, for I have made certain discoveries myself which you shall know of," and Dick Doom paced to and fro with thoughtful mien, while Eleanor Iverson watched him anxiously, for she felt that upon him now hung the life or death of her brother.

CHAPTER XXI.

DICK DOOM SPRINGS HIS TRAP.

AFTER his last remark to Eleanor Iverson, Dick Doom paced the floor for a few minutes until he had arranged his plan of action.
 At last he returned to his seat in front of the young girl and said:
 "Miss Iverson, I have heard your whole story with the deepest of interest and it but adds the missing link I needed to make my chain of evidence complete."
 "Listen to me in patience, and do not get excited, or angry at what I may say, for I want to tell you something which may anger you."
 "I will hear you in patience and in silence, Mr. Doom."
 "Thank you."
 "Now let me tell you that I have deceived you, for your brother did not send me to you with that ring, to get a confession from you."
 "Nay, remember your promise."
 "I saw your brother doomed, and aware that you knew his secret, and knowing that he would not speak, I determined to gain by strategy all the evidence I needed."
 "I asked him for that ring, and he told me to give it to you, after he was dead, and you would

bring papers to prove your claim to his property."
 "He did not even tell me that you were his sister."
 "Believing I could use the ring to advantage I came to you."
 "It was the power that opened your lips."
 "Now let me tell you that I have just returned from England, where I acted as a servant in the house of Mrs. Ellen Eldridge Warburton, for I bribed a servant to leave that I might get the place."
 "I had gotten her address through your brother's valet, and I wrote to find out all I could about her."
 "I secured photographs, one of which caused me to go to England by the first steamer."
 "I knew Willis Warburton and it was his photograph."
 "I found him there living with his mother."
 "Not Willis, for he took his life."
 "It was Eldridge Warburton you saw, the murderer."
 "No, it was Willis Warburton, the forger, the one twice wounded in duels with Wallace Cornwall, for he added the *is* to his name as a disguise."
 "Yes, that is true; but it was Eldridge Warburton whom you saw, I repeat."
 "I must still contradict you, for let me tell you that Willis Warburton was *not* in bad health, though he feigned to be, for reasons of his own."
 "He never called in a doctor in New York, never had a dose of medicine in his house, while Eldridge Warburton was ill, and came to New York to force his brother to care for him."
 "The man who was found dead in Willis Warburton's room had no scar upon his left arm, Miss Iverson."
 "You amaze me."
 "I examined the arm of the dead man well, and got a doctor's certificate that there was no scar upon it by sword, or bullet, for that was one of the strong points in your brother's favor."
 "I acted as valet several times, when I was in the Eldridge Manor, for Mr. Willis Warburton, and saw on his arm a deep scar, as though a bullet wound, and a long one, as though done with a sword."
 "Mr. Doom, I am utterly astounded."
 "I do not wonder, for my theory is that Willis Warburton, dogged by his brother, who threatened to expose him as a forger, for he was engaged to a rich girl in New York, took the life of Eldridge Warburton, and to escape the consequences, led your brother into his trap."
 "As proof of this, one doctor, whom I had secretly examine the body, certified that the man had been dead for two days."
 "Again, let me say that Willis Warburton drugged your brother, then robbed him of the letter he had written him, dragged the body of his twin brother into the room and left it there."
 "He had gotten your brother's revolver from his valet, Fritz Olsen, an Englishman, and a fugitive from justice, who was the valet of the elder Warburton, the French professor, and who was in the pay of Willis Warburton, though in the service of Wallace Cornwallis."
 "Through the same means he had gotten the letter placed in your brother's room, which the chief found."
 "This man, who calls himself Fritz Olsen, I now have in prison, but I could prove nothing of great use until I heard your story."
 "I do not believe the man is in the secret of Willis Warburton's flight, and murder of his brother, though he may be, as he wrote him a letter addressing it to Mrs. Ellen Eldridge."
 "I will know more when I confront him with facts upon my return, and which you have given me."
 "Martin West, the valet of Willis Warburton is, I am sure, innocent of what his employer was, and did, and he was sent away for that reason."
 "I took charge of the Warburton house, and I found in the furnace, where they had not burned, as it had been hoped, the clothes, shoes and hat, with a small sachel belonging to Eldridge Warburton, and the hole in the clothes, which are powder-burned, corresponds with the bullet in the heart of the man it was supposed was Willis Warburton."
 "Now I wish to spare your mother, not for her own sake, but your own and your brother's, and so I need not bring her into the disclosure which must come, for I return at once to England with papers of requisition for Willis Warburton."
 "I shall simply report that he killed his brother, that your brother stood in the way of

his getting a fortune, and so he led him into the trap for him to hang for the deed he had committed."
 "Unless he tells the whole story it need not be known, and if so, it will not be you or your brother that have betrayed her."
 As Dick Doom spoke, Eleanor Iverson held out her hand and said in her low, sweet way:
 "I leave all in your hands, my friend, for you are a friend indeed."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CHIEF AMAZED.

AFTER some further conversation together, Dick Doom said to Eleanor Iverson:
 "Now, Miss Iverson, I wish you to come to New York, if you can do so, the moment I write you that you are needed."
 "I will gladly do so."
 "You understand, now, how your story, and my detective work, form the chain of evidence about those who are guilty in this affair, and will clear your brother who is innocent?"
 "Yes; I understand all, sir, and I can see that but for you nothing could have been done that would have saved poor Wallace."
 "We can, will, must save him now, Miss Iverson," spoken incisively.
 "I feel that you can do so, sir."
 "We'll hope for the best, and I will write you of my success from time to time."
 With this Dick Doom bade farewell to Eleanor Iverson and took his leave.
 There was a self-satisfied smile upon his face as he rode back to town, and with feelings much elate at his success, he took the train back to New York City.
 Upon his arrival in New York he proceeded to Headquarters to see the chief of police, and at once said:
 "I am back again, chief, and I wish quite a long conversation with you, sir."
 "You shall have it, Dick. Fire away!" was the rejoinder of the chief.
 "Now, sir, I wish first to ask you to have the man Fritz Olsen sent for."
 "Ah! you had him arrested upon the charge of *left*, and contrary to rules I have kept him awaiting your pleasure."
 "I am very glad you have done so, chief, for he might have skipped and left us in the lurch, and he is too important a man in my case to let him escape now."
 "For or against the prisoner, Wallace Cornwallis?"
 "He has been against him, for his testimony was not in his favor when it could and should have been."
 "Ah!"
 "But it will now be in his favor, I hope."
 "Well, he shall be brought here at once," and the necessary orders were given for the man to be brought to Police Headquarters.
 Then Dick Doom said, when once again alone with the chief:
 "I wish first to say to you, sir, that you are all wrong in your belief in the guilt of Cornwallis."
 "Indeed?"
 "Yes, you are surely wrong, sir."
 "I hope you have the proof to back up your words, Dick."
 "You shall know just what I have, sir, in the way of proof."
 "You interest me. Evidently you have not been sleeping on this case."
 "On the contrary I have been very wide awake."
 "Let me tell you, sir, one thing that I did which you might not approve of."
 "Well?"
 "I did it for a purpose which you soon shall know."
 "Well, out with it?"
 "I had the right arm of the dead man, Willis Warburton, amputated, sir."
 "What?"
 "It is true."
 "You cut off the arm of a dead man?"
 "I had it done, sir, by two skilled surgeons."
 "In Heaven's name what for?"
 "I wished it for proof."
 "When was this done?"
 "Just before his burial, sir."
 "And where is the arm?"
 "Preserved in alcohol, sir."
 "But where is it?"
 "At my home."
 "And the surgeons who did it?"
 "Their names are here, sir, on this slip of paper."
 The chief took the paper and shook his head as he glanced at the names.
 "The two best in town," he said.

"Yes, I wished no quacks for the work, but the most reputable of surgeons.

"They were sworn to secrecy. My motive for the act was fully explained to them, and they consented."

"And the body was buried with but one arm?"

"Yes, but I secured a wax hand to put in the place of the one I took, so no one noticed what had been done."

"You are as keen as a cimeter, Doom."

"Thank you, sir."

"Now explain to me your motive for this act?"

"You know that at the trial of Cornwallis it came out that he had fought two duels with Willis Warburton?"

"Yes."

"That he wounded him twice?"

"True."

"And with a bullet in the right arm, which broke the bone?"

"He did."

"And once with a sword-thrust clean through the arm?"

"Very true."

"Well, chief, all I have to say is, that on the arm I had cut from the body of Willis Warburton there was no scar whatever!"

"The Devil!" and the chief sprung to his feet excitedly, though Dick Doom remained as serene as a May morn.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PICKING UP THE THREADS.

"WELL, Dick Doom, all I can say is to repeat my expression often used to you—that you are a dandy!" and the chief of police laughed.

"I am glad you think well of me, chief; but, I have more to tell you."

"And I am all eagerness to hear what you have to impart."

"I will intimate this, sir—that, as Willis Warburton was twice wounded in the right arm, and the man you buried as Warburton had no wound, then he could not have been the person you suspected him of being."

"That is true."

"I have sent for Martin West, the servant of Willis Warburton, to meet me here. I just saw him pass the window, so you can hear all that I say to him."

"He gave his testimony promptly, and knew nothing of the affair, being absent at the time," the chief remarked.

"We will see what he has to say now, sir; but I must ask you to hold him a prisoner, for I can take no chances of allowing him to escape or to give a warning," was Dick's new demand.

"I will do so, for I am sure you know just what you are about; trust Dick Doom for that."

"I hope I do know, sir."

"Admit him," the chief ordered, a moment after, when an officer came in with the information that Martin West was there.

The man came into the private office and took the seat the chief motioned him to.

"Now, Dick Doom, fire away," commanded the chief.

"Martin West, I wish you to put your thinking-cap on and answer me the questions I shall put to you. I want no nonsense, no dodging, but the truth."

"Yes, sir."

"How long had you been in the employ of Mr. Warburton?"

"Just a year, sir."

"He lived alone?"

"Yes, sir, except for myself being with him."

"He got his meals at the club?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you?"

"I boarded at a house near Mr. Warburton's, sir."

"Had he many visitors?"

"Very few, sir."

"Do you recall ever having seen Mr. Cornwallis there?"

"Never, sir."

"Did you ever hear him speak of him?"

"Never, sir."

"What visitors did he have a few days before his death?"

"None, sir."

"You are sure?"

"Yes, sir."

"Think."

"I do not recall any one."

"For how many days before your master's death?"

"For a week, sir."

"He went out often?"

"Yes, sir."

"Visited a good deal?"

"He did, sir."

"But had few visitors?"

"Very few."

"Had you been away any before your trip to Long Island?"

"My master sent me up the Hudson, sir, to West Point."

"What for?"

"To see about getting board for him."

"Did you secure it?"

"I told him of the rooms he could get, sir, and the prices."

"Now recall every one who came to see your master before his death—that is, a few days before."

"Well, sir, there was the boy who delivered papers, and the grocer who brought oil and wines, and—"

"No one else?"

"Now I think of it, sir, there was a beggar that came there."

"A beggar?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who was he?"

"Well, he came one day when Mr. Warburton was out, and said he would come again."

"Did he come again?"

"Yes, sir, he came again, and he left his card for Mr. Warburton."

"Well?"

"I was told to tell him to come again on Sunday, at noon."

"Did you?"

"Yes, sir."

"He came again on Sunday?"

"I never knew, sir, for that was the Sunday I went up to West Point."

"How long were you gone?"

"I left on the boat, sir, at nine in the morning, and got back at seven in the evening."

"And the beggar left his card for your master?"

"He left a card, sir, upon which he wrote something."

"What was it?"

"I could not read it, for it was in an unknown language to me."

"You handed the card to Mr. Warburton?"

"I did."

"And what did he do?"

"He seemed surprised and angry, sir."

"And said nothing?"

"He told me that if the man came again, to tell him to come on Sunday."

"Was it after this that he told you to go to West Point for him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he ask if the beggar called again?"

"He did, sir."

"And then—"

"He told me that he wished me to go to West Point for him," and at the response Dick Doom smiled. Had he struck the true trail?

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN IMPORTANT WITNESS.

"Now, Martin West," continued Dick Doom, while the chief sat in silence, intensely interested in this *ex parte* examination.

"Tell me just how you knew that man was a beggar?"

"Well, sir, he looked in bad circumstances."

"Did he give no name?"

"No, sir."

"Was there no name on the card?"

"None, sir."

"Did he ask you for anything?"

"He asked me for a quarter, sir, and said Mr. Warburton knew him, and would help him, and then he would pay me back."

"Did you give it to him?"

"Yes, sir."

"And he made for the nearest bar-room to get a drink with it?"

"No, sir, he went to a drug store."

"Was he ill?"

"He looked sick, sir, and had a cough, but he appeared like a gentleman, or one who had been one."

"Did you notice anything else about him?"

"Well, sir, I did think to myself that he looked very much like Mr. Warburton, only he wore a beard."

"Was he about the size of Mr. Warburton?"

"Just about, sir, though perhaps not so heavy by ten or fifteen pounds."

"And you have not seen the man since?"

"No, sir."

"Mr. Warburton said nothing to you as to whether he came on Sunday or not?"

"No, sir; but he went there, I know."

"How do you know?"

"When I came back in the evening the janitor of the flat on the corner told me the master

was entertaining company, a gent who had gone in with a sachel in the morning, and a seedy-looking one at that."

"I see; and it was the beggar, you think?"

"Yes, sir, though he had gone when I got there."

"And Mr. Warburton said nothing of his being there?"

"No, sir."

"Now, Martin West, tell me if you ever noticed that Mr. Warburton had been wounded?"

"He had been, sir, you know, in the duels he had fought with the man who killed him."

"Did you ever see the wounds?"

"Yes, sir."

"Describe them."

"One was a long gash under the forearm, and the scar where the sword point had come out on top."

"And the other?"

"Just above the wrist, sir, there was a bullet wound. The shot had broken the bone, Mr. Warburton said."

"You often saw those wounds?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was there any other distinguishing mark you remember about Mr. Warburton?"

"Well, sir, he had an anchor in India ink upon his breast, with the letters in it W. W."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Anything else?"

"I do not recall anything else, sir."

"Well, West, you have answered faithfully, and I have just this to say to you, that while I believe you, and have little fear of your running away, I wish to have you on hand when I need you, for you will have to repeat again what you have told the chief and myself."

"I'll be on hand when wanted, sir."

"I am sure you will. You have no place just now, I suppose?"

"No, sir, but I was going to one Monday."

"Write and say you cannot go."

"But the pay is good, sir, and—"

"How much?"

"Twenty-five a month and found."

"Well, I'll get you another place, and for the time I detain you I will pay you fifty dollars a month and all expense."

"Oh, sir, you are so kind."

"Hardly that; you will have to board in prison."

"In prison, sir?" cried Martin West aghast.

"Yes, but you shall be well cared for, have comfortable quarters, good food and every comfort."

"But, sir, I—"

"I am sorry, West, but I must detain you, and, as I said, you will be well paid and have no work to do."

"Chief, you will give orders, will you not, sir, that Martin West shall have every comfort possible?"

"I will, and your confinement will not be a long one, West."

"But he must hold no conversation with any one, sir," urged the wary detective.

"I will have that seen to, Dick."

The chief touched a bell; an officer appeared, and the surprised Martin West was marched off to prison, considerably alarmed at the situation in which he found himself.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SEVERED ARM.

The chief as stated, had listened most intently to all the questions put by Dick Doom to the man West, and had carefully noted the replies.

He had at once divined that the intelligent detective had an important object in view upon which turned the question of the guilt or innocence of the man then under sentence of death, Wallace Cornwallis.

He saw that the question of the beggar's visit on Sunday, and of the scars on the arm of Willis Warburton were all-important, and that Martin West had seen the scars and also an India ink mark upon the breast of the man whose servant he had been.

So the chief was perfectly willing to allow Dick Doom to go his own way about solving the mystery he had undertaken.

Not yet even did he know that Dick Doom was serving two masters, so to speak, that is the Government and Wallace Cornwallis as well.

"You got what information you sought, Dick, I see," he said when Martin West had been led from the room.

"Oh, yes, as you will eventually see, sir."

"But may I ask you to pay me a visit to-night at my home?"

"Certainly, if you wish it, I shall be glad to do so."

"And will you bring with you, sir, two surgeons in whom you have confidence, but of course neither of them to be the physicians whose names I gave you?"

"I will get two good men, Dick."

"I would like, also to ask, sir, if you will allow two officers to drive in a carriage to my house at ten o'clock, bringing with them the prisoner Fritz Olsen, who was Wallace Conwallis's servant?"

"He shall be there on time, Dick," was promised.

"Thank you, sir," and Dick Doom took leave of the chief, and, proceeding down to the steamship office, engaged his passage for a run across the ocean upon the steamer Servia.

The time came round for the coming of the chief to Dick Doom's house, and he arrived punctually, bringing with him Doctor Rynear and one of the City Hospital surgeons.

They were met by the detective who told them that they were there to decide an important matter for him, and which was to be kept as a dead secret.

He then led them into a room where there was a table, and upon it a large stone jar.

The lid of the jar being removed Dick Doom took from it what might have shocked any others than two surgeons and the chief of police, for it was a human arm, cut off from the body some six inches below the shoulder.

This arm the great detective placed on the table, and addressing the surgeons said:

"Now, gentlemen, will you make an examination of this arm, for you have your surgical cases with you, and tell me just the nature of the wounds that are in it."

With professional promptitude they set to work, and in a short while the flesh was laid bare and the bone exposed.

"I see no wound of any kind, Mr. Doom, in this arm," Doctor Rynear remarked.

"But you do, doctor, certain?" the detective urged of the other physician.

"I do not, sir. The flesh is wholly intact."

"Not the slightest scar?"

"Not the slightest scar."

"That is the opinion of both of you, gentlemen?"

"It is."

"And mine, also."

"Now to the bone and see if you cannot find a wound there."

"How would that be possible if the flesh was unscarred?"

"But, in case you may have missed seeing a scar in the flesh."

"Which we have not."

"For argument's sake say that you may have done so, gentlemen, will you now see if the bone is not shattered, or if it has not once been so?"

"The arm might have been broken and no harm done to the flesh."

"But, is the bone broken, or, has it ever been?" Dick demanded.

They examined it closely and both gave it as their opinion that the bone had never been injured in any way—much less broken.

"Thank you, gentlemen, and may I ask if you will appear, if called, and state in court what you have just said to the chief and myself?"

Both assented and took their leave, the ghastly arm being returned to its jar which was put away for future reference, if needed.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ANOTHER WITNESS.

THE chief did not take his departure when the two physicians did, but remained, as he said with a smile, to see what else Dick Doom had "to spring upon him in the way of a surprise."

When ten o'clock came a carriage halted outside of the house and in a short while two officers entered with a manacled prisoner between them.

"Await in the carriage outside," said the chief, and the officers left their prisoner in his keeping.

It was Fritz Olsen, and he looked very pale and nervous.

"Sit there, Olsen, and do not be frightened, though you have cause to be," said Dick Doom. The man sunk into the chair.

"Now, Olsen, I wish to have a talk with you."

"Yes, sir, I was glad."

"See here, you must talk English, for you are an Englishman, as I know. No shamming now, if you please."

The face of the man turned deadly pale at this.

"I know much more about you than you think I do, and what I wish now is to have you tell the truth, the very truth. If you venture to equivocate or to lie to me I shall know it; but if you make a clean breast of it, why, for turning State's evidence the chief of police here will promise that you shall be set free."

"You committed some crime and that is why you changed your name and nationality, but that we will not now discuss; there is something more important at stake than your sin."

The man's eyes roved wildly about and he seemed utterly crushed.

But he made no reply and Dick Doom said, as he put a pad of paper on the table before him and took out his stylographic pen.

"Now you are English?"

The man hesitated.

"Come, it is the truth or prison for you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were the servant of the artist, Wallace Conwallis?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who hired you for that work?"

"He did."

"I know that he did, but who got you the place?"

"He advertised for a man and I answered."

"He had a man before you went there who did his work?"

"Yes, sir."

"You inveigled him away."

The witness was silent.

"Answer me!"

"I told him I could get him a better job."

"And you did?"

"Yes, sir."

"While you took for less pay the one he gave up?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who told you to do this?"

No answer.

"Speak! for I tell you that I know all."

"Well, sir, it was Mr. Warburton."

"Willis Warburton?"

"Yes, sir."

"The man who was murdered?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now you were with Mr. Conwallis quite a long time?"

"Yes, sir."

"You swore at the trial that he owed debts and was dissipated."

No answer.

"Did he owe a dollar that you know of?"

"No, sir."

"Was he a dissipated man in any sense?"

"Well, no, sir, though he drank wine and whatever else he wished."

"So you swore to what was false?"

"I didn't intend to."

"What did you do so for?"

"Well, sir, Mr. Warburton got me the place, and as he was killed by Mr. Conwallis, I thought the murderer ought to be hanged."

"You were in the pay of Mr. Warburton?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much did he pay you?"

"Fifty dollars a month."

"And what did Conwallis pay you?"

"Thirty dollars."

"You were the valet of Mr. Conwallis, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the spy of Mr. Warburton?"

No answer.

"Speak!"

"I was, sir."

"And you were more anxious to serve Warburton than Conwallis?"

"He paid me better."

"And paid you for what you did against the man you served."

"He promised you a reward as well?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much?"

"I forget now."

"You do not."

"I think it was a thousand dollars."

"And you were angry with your master, Conwallis, because he killed your second master, Warburton, thus cutting you out of getting your reward?"

"Yes, sir."

"And wished to see him hanged?"

"I think he was guilty of murder, sir."

"And so you stole from the rooms of Conwallis, out of his pistol-box, one of his revolvers?"

"Sir!"

"You heard me."

"I have no revolver I took from him."

"No; you gave it to Warburton."

"Come, do not lie if you expect to escape punishment."

"You took one of those revolvers?"

"I did, sir."

"When?"

"The day before Mr. Warburton was killed."

"What day was it?"

"Saturday I took the revolver."

"And Mr. Warburton was killed Monday night?"

"Yes, sir."

"You gave Mr. Warburton the revolver?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you see him?"

"At the rooms of Mr. Conwallis."

"He went there?"

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"Often."

"Did he dare do so?"

"I always set a signal, sir, when Mr. Conwallis was out of his rooms for any length of time."

"I see," and the detective and the chief exchanged glances that meant much.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HARD DRIVEN.

CONTINUING the rigid examination of his witness, the treacherous servant of Conwallis, Dick Doom went on:

"Now, Olsen, you know something about the letter the chief found upon the bureau in the room of Mr. Conwallis."

"What letter?"

"See here, if you expect to save your neck you must not trifle with me."

"I am giving you a chance to save your life by confessing the truth, and if you attempt to dodge you will only get the worst of it."

"I will answer, sir," and the man looked thoroughly frightened now.

"You placed that letter the chief found, in that room, just so that it might be discovered?"

"I did, sir."

"You knew the letter when it arrived?"

"Yes, sir."

"Had been told to watch for it, and in fact, it had a private mark for you to recognize it?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you placed it where it was to be found?"

"Yes, sir."

"Convicting Conwallis thereby."

"Yes, sir."

"You gave him the first letter from Warburton?"

"I did, sir."

"You saw him read it?"

"Yes."

"Did he make any comment?"

"I heard him mutter something, but did not catch the words."

"And this was your plot in this affair?"

"Yes, sir."

"All?"

"Yes, sir, except to swear as Mr. Warburton told me."

"That was not all."

"Sir."

"There is more to tell."

"No, sir."

"Think."

"I don't recall anything else."

"You do not?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know D'Orville D'Arcy?"

The man sprung from his chair, but quickly sat down again and with an effort at self-control said:

"He is dead, sir."

"When did he die?"

"Some years ago."

"Where?"

"In New York."

"Now you are beginning to lie, Olsen, so come back to truth."

"You know that D'Orville D'Arcy is not dead, and you know where he is."

"He is living abroad, sir."

"Where?"

"In France."

"That is not so, for he dare not go there."

"Come, I want the truth, for I know enough to hang you."

"He is in New Orleans, sir."

"He is not."

"Where is he, then?"

"In England."

"You know, then, sir?"

"I know enough to hang you, if you attempt any nonsense with me, and I will get my information through D'Orville D'Arcy, if you do not tell me the truth."

"And you will let me go free, sir?"

"No, I will send you up as an accomplice in the murder of Willis Warburton."

"And if I tell you all, you will set me free?"
 "Yes."
 "And pay me a large reward?"
 "Not a dollar."
 "I ought to have money for what I know."
 "You'll get hemp, instead."
 "I'll tell, sir," eagerly said the man.
 "Do not fool with me any more, or I shall lose my patience."
 "I'll tell, sir."
 "Where is D'Orville D'Arcy?"
 "In England."
 "He is dwelling in a country town?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Who was it recommended you to Warburton?"
 "D'Orville D'Arcy, sir."
 "You were his valet once?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "So far good."
 "Now tell me where Willis Warburton is?"
 The man started visibly, and after some hesitation said:
 "You know that he is dead."
 "Where did he die?"
 "He was murdered, you know."
 "By whom?"
 "Conwallis."
 "That is not so."
 "Sir!"
 "You know that he is not dead."
 "I do?"
 "You do."
 "I know that he is dead."
 "Yes, as you said that D'Arcy was dead."
 "I know that Willis Warburton is dead."
 "How do you know it?"
 "I saw his body after it was slain by Wallace Conwallis."
 The detective, to the surprise of the chief as well as of the prisoner, laughed heartily.
 "Yes, you know that he is not dead, for you are in correspondence with him now, or were until I had you arrested."
 The man gave a moan, started to rise from his chair, staggered and fell in a swoon.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BROUGHT TO TERMS.

"By Heaven! Dick Doom, you have killed him with shock," cried the chief, anxiously.
 "Oh, no; he has only swooned. I'll fetch him round in a few minutes."
 So saying, Dick Doom laid the man out flat upon his back, got some ammonia from a stand near, and bathed his face with water.
 Olsen soon revived, gazed wildly about him, and then gave a loud cry.
 "Come, Olsen, you cannot play the maniac dodge upon me; it will not work. You are as sane as I am. You were simply overcome by the shock of knowing that I had discovered Willis Warburton was not dead!"
 "If he cannot be found, then I shall bring the accusation against you that you killed the man found in his rooms, and supposed to be Warburton, and I believe we can hang you for it, especially when we take into consideration your other crimes."
 "Now, collect your senses if you wish to, talk business, and save your neck."
 There was that about Dick Doom's manner and words that at once calmed the man, and he said:
 "I feel better now, but for a moment I was wild."
 "Bah! don't talk nonsense, for the truth is the only thing that will help you out of the scrape you are in."
 "Oh, tell me what to say!"
 "I wish to say that you know Warburton is alive?"
 "Yes."
 "You saw him after his supposed death at the hands of Wallace Conwallis?"
 "Yes, sir!"
 "Yet you permitted Conwallis to be sentenced to death for killing him?"
 "Then he should hang," sternly said the chief, and the prisoner gave a groan of anguish.
 "You were to make big money by silence?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "You wrote to Willis Warburton in England?"
 "I did."
 "And told him all about the trial?"
 "I did."
 "Where is he now?"
 "In England."
 "Where?"
 The man named the place and Dick Doom said:
 "He is known there by what name?"
 "Eldridge."

"He lives not far from D'Orville D'Arcy."
 "Not far away."
 "With his mother?"
 "You know all about it, sir."
 "Then I am right?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Do you address your letters to him?"
 "No, to his mother."
 "Have you ever heard from him?"
 "Twice."
 "Now who was the man he killed in his room?"
 "He did not kill him."
 "What do you mean?"
 "He committed suicide."
 "Who told you this?"
 "Warburton."
 "Did he say who the man was?"
 "Yes."
 "Who?"
 "His brother."
 "What did he tell you?"
 "That his brother was ill, knew he was going to die, and committed suicide when he came to see him."
 "He was greatly alarmed at this and it came to him to get rid of Conwallis, who was his bitter foe, and so he dressed his brother up in his clothes and the resemblance between them was so great that he was readily mistaken for the corpse."
 "Then he secretly left New York."
 "Are you telling the truth?"
 "I am telling what he told me."
 "Do you believe it?"
 No answer.
 "Do you believe his story?"
 "Come you are looking after your own safety now."
 "I do not."
 "How do you think it was?"
 "The brothers were enemies, and the one who went to see Willis was rich, for he had gotten money out of the mines of Mexico."
 "He had plenty of money with him, all he had in the world, some fifty thousand dollars in bills, he said, and he went to see his brother, playing poor, to see if he would help him."
 "If he did, he was going to leave him his money?"
 "If he did not he was going to see Wallace Conwallis, tell him he was poor and ill, and see if he would forget the wrongs done him and care for him."
 "If the artist did this, then he was to leave him his money."
 "And he went first to his brother Willis?"
 "He did."
 "And the result?"
 "They must have had a quarrel and Willis shot him."
 "You know this?"
 "I suspect it, for I have told you how Willis Warburton said that it was."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

"CHIEF, you are taking notes of all this man has said?"
 So asked Dick Doom when the prisoner had made his startling admissions and confession.
 "I have not lost a word, Dick, and I am sure you are drilling down to bed-rock and with splendid results," was the chief of police's rejoinder.
 "Well, I believe that it was as Olsen says, that Warburton killed his brother, but would not tell him so."
 "He doubtless told him that his brother had taken his own life."
 "That is what he told me."
 "How did you know about Eldridge Warburton having all his riches with him?"
 "I met him by accident in Broadway and recognized him."
 "We had a long talk together, and he told me all about himself, and did not know where his brother Willis was, or Conwallis either."
 "It was from me he learned all, and then he told me of his plans to leave the money to his own brother, if he treated him well, and to Conwallis if he did not, and the latter received him kindly."
 "That was the situation, as I knew it."
 "And you think that Willis Warburton murdered him?"
 "I will not say that."
 "What will you say?"
 "I do not believe the suicide story, for he said nothing to me about the money his brother had on him, until I asked him about it."
 "Then he said that he had the money, drafts on London, all of it, and he would have to impersonate his brother to get it, and so would

take care that I had my share after the trial was over, Conwallis sentenced to death, and I came abroad to meet him."

"That was the plan agreed upon between you then?"

"It was."

"It was a most cold-blooded, diabolical plot to wrong and kill a man, and I would gladly see you hang for it," said the chief of police, sternly.

"Yes, as I would also, but we have promised the man protection, and he must have it," answered Dick Doom, while the prisoner, whose face had blanched at the words of the chief, looked relieved greatly when the detective said what he did.

"Now, tell me," the chief asked.

"What motive had Willis Warburton to wish to see Conwallis hanged?"

"That is a story I cannot now make known to you, chief, but I will say that by the death of Wallace Conwallis, Willis Warburton would become a rich man, as the artist has a fortune he is kept from, and if he was dead, then it would fall into the possession of Warburton."

"I see," said the chief, and he was more and more interested in the case which the detective had so thoroughly unraveled.

Then he continued:

"I begin now to see through this deep plot of Warburton."

"He had a chance to befriend his brother and refused, I suppose, and then learned that he was well off."

"A quarrel followed, then Willis Warburton killed his brother, and the result was that he determined to get rid of the artist, Wallace Conwallis, at the same time, and so he played the clever game of having him come to his house, and, drugging him, pretended to commit suicide."

"Yes; and dressed the body up, chief, in his own clothes, shaved off his beard, that he might the more resemble him, robbed him, and waited in hiding until Wallace Conwallis came back to his rooms."

"When the latter disappeared he arranged everything to look as if the house had been robbed and went his way out into the storm."

"Then it was he sought you, Olsen, was it not?" and Dick Doom turned to the prisoner.

"It was, sir," was the reply of Olsen, who was amazed at the manner in which the detective had the facts of the case.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE FERRET PLAYS TO WIN.

FRITZ OLSEN, as the Englishman called himself, had not attempted to speak broken English after he had discovered that Dick Doom knew that he was not what he represented himself.

He was a capable servant, but a bold, bad man and a dangerous villain.

He had served his first master, D'Orville D'Arcy, well, and had learned much of villainy from him.

After leaving him he had become an adventurer to make all he could off of his fellow-beings by the most clever methods.

Now he regarded the detective with almost awe, for he saw how completely he had tracked him down.

He saw that link by link, plot by plot the daring and skillful detective had unraveled every part of the diabolical scheme to kill, rob and wreck devised by Willis Warburton with his aid.

The man was really alarmed, and he looked at Dick Doom with anxious eyes to see if he really intended to do what he had said that he would and give him his freedom.

At last Dick Doom spoke, for the chief of police left all for him to say and do.

"See here, Olsen, I have just this to say to you."

"Yes, sir."

"You are scarcely less a villain than the master you served."

"I have been a bad man, sir, but I will repent now."

"Oh, yes, all of them say that when they feel the clutch of Death upon them, or get into a tight place from which they see no escape."

"But I mean it, sir."

"Well, I do not believe in death-bed repentance, and you would kill, rob or do any crime to-morrow if you were free."

"But I promised to set you free and I will—as soon as I save from the gallows the man you have wronged so cruelly."

"When will that be, sir?"

"It will be when I secure his substitute for the hangman."

"Not me, sir," cried the man, in terror.

"You richly deserve it, I know."

"But in this case it is your master, not yourself."

"Thank Heaven for those words."

"You have a second master, too, whom I wish to get my grip upon."

"Who is that, sir?"

"The French gentleman known as D'Orville D'Arcy!"

"Ah!"

"He is guilty of murdering a gentleman years ago by the name of Conwallis."

The man started and asked timidly:

"Do you know that also, sir?"

"Yes, he murdered him, and then he fled for his life."

"He has never been taken, and I will be glad to put my golden fetters upon him."

"I shall get two valuable criminals, though I shall have to release you, I am sorry, very sorry to say, Olsen, after you have done your duty to that poor innocent man in prison."

"I will do it, sir."

"Accidents happen daily, Olsen, and life is short."

"You may be in excellent health, but there is a great deal of heart disease about, and I fear you might have an attack, so I will just have you sign a confession which I will write, and as the chief here is a notary he can take your signature and the two officers can witness it, so that there will be no mistake."

"I am ready, sir, to do all that you wish me to do," meekly said Olsen.

The confession was then written, and read over to the man, the police officers were called in, and it was duly signed and witnessed.

Then the two officers went with their prisoner back to the Tombs and they were told by the chief to place him in solitary confinement and allow no communication with him whatever.

After their departure the chief said warmly:

"Well, Dick Doom, the Ferret of the Golden Fetters, you are the most remarkable man I ever saw, and but for you that poor fellow Conwallis would surely hang."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE MASK WITHDRAWN.

"I THANK you for your kind opinion, chief, but the game is not yet won," said Dick Doom in answer to the words of the chief.

"You are going to capture your game, now you have entrapped it?"

"Exactly, sir."

"You know where they are?"

"I do, sir."

"There is no dread of their escape?"

"Not the slightest, sir, for they have not the shadow of a suspicion but that all goes well."

"Well, it will be a startling surprise to them to learn to the contrary."

"It will indeed, sir; but there is one in the case whom I will have to spare."

"Ah!" one of those two, for it is bad enough to have to let Olsen go."

"No, sir, it is a woman."

"Then there is a woman in this case?"

"Yes, sir."

"I was wondering at the remarkable circumstance that there had no woman appeared in it."

"Well, there are two."

"Indeed!"

"One is young and beautiful, the other stately, grand and past the threshold of fifty years."

"Where are they?"

"One is in Tennessee."

"The other?"

"In England."

"Who are they?"

"One is the sister of Wallace Conwallis the artist."

"The sister?"

"Yes, chief, and as beautiful and lovely a girl as I ever saw."

"Her brother is certainly a noble looking and attractive fellow."

"Yes, they are a splendid pair and theirs is a strange, romantic and very sad history."

"I will place the story before you, and see if we cannot arrange to keep the facts from before the public."

"I will do all I can to help you, Dick."

"I know that, sir."

Dick Doom then told the story as the reader knows it, and the chief listened with the deepest interest to the career of the sister and brother, so devoted to each other and so anxious to shield from shame the mother whom they could not love as they wished to.

"This mother is now in England, living in magnificent style upon the property that really belongs to Conwallis and his sister."

"There her son, the one who was her idol

went after his murder of his brother, and of course told the story of the suicide and was believed."

"I do not doubt that he kept silent about Conwallis being arrested for his murder, and only when seeing a notice of the hanging of his half-brother would he come out and lay claim to the estate, for he seems not to regard the sister as being alive."

"Now, a couple of miles from the Eldridge house is a small cottage upon the river bank where dwells a man who is advancing in years."

"He lives alone with but one servant, and is supposed to be a retired clergyman, for he dresses in ministerial garb."

"The only place he visits is at the Eldridge Villa, and there he is always welcome."

"This man is D'Orville D'Arcy."

"Indeed?"

"All this I found out when I was a servant in the mansion, and then it was that I also, when acting on several occasions as valet to Willis Warburton, discovered the scars in his right arm, the one made by the bullet of Conwallis's pistol, the other by his sword."

"I see how well you have planned it all, Dick."

"Well, chief, with the clues given me by Conwallis, and the story told by his sister, the plot of my discovery just worked out its own salvation."

"That is modest for you to say so."

"But about the artist?"

"You mean in regard to giving him a ray of hope, sir?"

"Yes."

"I shall visit him to-morrow, sir."

"I will see that you have a permit."

"Thank you, sir, but I have one, for I am his spiritual adviser, the Reverend Doctor Elijah Monkton," and at the response of Dick Doom the chief burst into a fit of hearty laughter.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HOPE.

WALLACE CONWALLIS sat in his cell calm as ever, and in spite of the time drawing near for his execution, amusing himself with his sketching.

"If the light was only not so bad in here I could paint your portrait for you," he said to the keeper one day, and that was the cheerful mood he was always found in.

He had no complaints to make, was courteous to all, and showed no ill humor at anything, while he made sketches upon the walls, or of the guards and other prisoners, read, slept and thus passed his time away.

He seemed to have learned how to take life comfortably and as it came, no matter what his surroundings were.

From the keeper to the humblest man in the prison he was admired, respected and greatly liked.

"The parson, to see you again, sir," said the keeper, on the morning following the scene at Dick Doom's house.

"Ah, Parson, Monkton, come in," and the prisoner grasped the hand of his visitor, with whom he was at once left alone.

"Mr. Conwallis, let me tell you at once, for I sail to-morrow for England, that were I not convinced that I could save you from the gallows by fair means, I should at once aid you to escape from this prison."

"Good for you, parson."

"I have always believed in your innocence, but now I am convinced of it."

"Ah!"

"Yes, I have the proofs!"

"Indeed! then you have worked hard."

"But who has aided you?"

"Your sister."

"Ha! she has told you all, and without my permission?"

"No, she thought that you wished it."

"How so?"

"I told her so."

"But I did not wish it against her will."

"It was not against her will."

"Explain, please."

"Well, sir, convinced that I could not save you in any other way, and that your sister could if she would, I went to her with your ring and implied that you gave it as a proof that she must speak."

"And she did?"

"She did."

"Then you know all?"

"I know more than either of you do."

"Indeed?"

"I was armed by her story for work, and I promised her that I would not drag your mother,

pardon me for the reference, into the affair, if it could possibly be avoided."

"I came back and began work on two men."

"Who were they?"

"One was the servant of Willis Warburton, and though an innocent man himself I got enough out of him to put me upon the right trail, and he is now in prison, under pay, however, awaiting until I need him to tell his story."

"And the other man?"

"Is Fritz Olsen."

"Ah! my servant?"

"Yes."

"A clever fellow, and faithful."

"A snake in the grass and as unmitigated a scoundrel as lives!"

"It cannot be possible."

"It is, for I have him now in this prison in irons and in solitary confinement."

"What has he done?"

"He was sent to you by Warburton, was his spy while your servant, stole that revolver from its case, placed that second letter in your room, to be found there, and worked against you for Willis Warburton."

Wallace Conwallis gave a long, loud whistle as a means of expressing his surprise.

"Can you mean all this?"

"Every word of it, for I have his written confession in addition to his being in prison."

"Good!"

"And let me tell you that Willis Warburton did not commit suicide."

"What!"

"Is he alive?"

"He is, and well, for it was his twin brother whom he killed and robbed, dressed up in his clothes, waited for you to leave, and then, pretending to rob the house, skipped off to England, where he now is with his mother, while his father, D'Orville D'Arcy, lives not far away, and he is waiting for you to be hanged, that he may get your fortune—the fortune which has been kept from you and your sister."

"Now, you see, your chances to live are good, Mr. Conwallis, and more, I sail for England, as I said, to-morrow, and upon my return I shall bring back with me two prisoners."

"Warburton is one."

"Yes; and D'Orville D'Arcy is the other."

"And my—the lady?"

"Shall not be dragged into the affair if they will allow her to keep out of it, while the whole story can be kept secret, the public knowing nothing of your and your sister's history."

"Dick Doom, you are our best friend," and now the strong voice quivered as he uttered the words.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE DOUBLE ARREST.

"MRS. ELDRIDGE had gone for a drive to the town, and to drop D'Orville D'Arcy at his little cottage home at the same time, for it was a wet day, and the visitor had not come prepared for a storm, as the sun was shining when he left the Eldridge Mansion."

They were a stately couple, with an aristocratic air, the two whose lines had been so filled with romance and evil, and yet, though they were growing old, and gray hair was oftener seen than black in their locks, they loved each other still.

That is, the woman loved the man as she had when, a young school-girl, she had run away from the academy with him.

That he had deserted her, that he had proven treacherous, taken the life of the man who, loving her also, had forgiven all and made her his wife, she still clung to the cynical, cruel, fascinating Frenchman.

And he clung to her, for having run through all he had gotten from his first wife, he was a pensioner upon the bounty of the woman he had deserted.

It was her money that furnished his cottage home, and gave him food, and he loved her accordingly, for his nature was not one to care for aught excepting himself.

He was dropped down from the carriage at his gate, and the woman drove on to the town to make some purchases.

As the carriage rolled away a dog-cart stopped at the gate and one of the two men in it got out.

D'Orville D'Arcy halted upon the piazza, and eyed the stranger curiously as he advanced.

"Monsieur D'Arcy I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"I wish you to hold out your hands, or you are a dead man."

A revolver covered the Frenchman, and as he obeyed, his face pallid, his lips quivering, his

hands trembling, a pair of golden handcuffs were slipped upon his wrists.

"Who are you?" he gasped at last.

"Dick Doom, an American detective, and one who wants you."

"For what?"

"Murder."

"I am no murderer."

"Prove that to the jury before whom you will be tried in America."

"I am an Englishman and you cannot take me away."

"Pardon me, but you are a naturalized American, and I have requisition papers for your return."

"Come, get into that dog-cart with that gentleman, and say no more."

The man groaned and obeyed.

He could do nothing else.

They drove on toward Eldridge Manor, and in the Park came upon a vehicle in which were two men.

"Here, Orme, take this man and keep him safe."

"After we have gone on you follow," said the English constable who accompanied Dick Doom.

Up to the handsome house they drove Dick Doom and the constable, and the former entered the mansion alone.

He sent his card to "Mr. Willis Eldridge," or, that is, a card upon which was a fictitious name.

Willis Warburton was coming into the parlor when a carriage drove up to the door, and his mother alighted.

Waving his hand to her he turned into the room, anxious to see who his unknown visitor was.

As he entered the room Dick Doom stepped quickly forward and said:

"Willis Warburton, you are under cover of my revolver, so hold out your hands or you are a dead man!"

The gold manacles, which had been first placed upon the wrists of D'Orville D'Arcy, had been replaced by steel ones, and now Dick Doom held his famous golden fetters ready for the man he had run down.

Willis Warburton turned deadly pale, but recovering himself by an effort of his strong will, he asked, sternly:

"What is this nonsense?"

"It is not nonsense, sir, but the sternest reality."

"Do you yield, or shall I pull trigger?"

"I yield, of course, for I am no fool to throw away my life, when all can be explained, though you, sir, shall be made to suffer for this insult and wrong done me."

"I am ready to take all responsibility, sir," was the cool reply.

"There is surely some mistake."

"Of what am I accused?"

"Of forgery."

A sigh of relief came from the white lips, followed by the words:

"Bah! that foolish old charge has turned up again, has it?"

"Yes, and another," added Dick Doom, as he slipped the gold manacles upon the wrists of the man.

"What other?"

"The murder of your twin brother in your home in New York some months ago."

A wild cry broke from the lips of Willis Warburton, and he would have fallen to the floor but for Dick Doom's support, a shriek rung through the house, followed by the words:

"My son! my son! I—I—"

She said no more but fell heavily upon the floor across the threshold of the door, and when Dick Doom bent over her he said, as he took his hand from off her pulse:

"Your mother is dead, sir."

"The shock has killed her."

But the man seemed not to hear, for his own position had dazed him.

He was led away by Dick Doom, who called the servants to look after their mistress, and that night Willis Warburton slept in a prison cell, and next to him was his guilty father.

Two days after, when his mother had been laid in her grave, they set sail for America. Upon their arrival Willis Warburton was so broken down with grief and despair that he admitted his guilt in the presence of witnesses, confessed that he had killed his twin brother, and lured Wallace Conwallis into his house to suffer for his crime, he having a grudge of long standing against the young artist.

What that grudge was, or what relationship he held to Wallace Conwallis, he did not make known, for Dick Doom, remembering the brother and sister whom he wished to shield,

had urged the unhappy man not to betray the past by an accusation against his mother that could only bring shame upon her memory.

A decree of the court was quickly obtained, overruling the decision of the jury convicting Wallace Conwallis of the murderous act of another, and of course his release was ordered while all connected with his conviction, upon realizing the narrow escape they had made of committing a murder also, under the shadow of the law, by hanging an innocent man, felt that they could not atone for their mistake, and dreaded to look the young artist in the face.

Dick Doom had found, upon his return to New York, that Eleanor Iverson had come on from Tennessee, and he hastened to tell her that her brother would soon be a free man.

When the release was obtained, Dick Doom took it to the prison, and went at once to the cell of the prisoner, no longer wearing the disguise of the Reverend Monkton.

"What! back from England so soon?" said Wallace Conwallis in his cheery way.

"Yes, and I bring you good news."

"Well, that will be gladly received."

"Your sister is in the city."

"Bless her sweet soul!"

"She is at your old rooms."

"Poor girl."

"She wished you to come and dine with her, and I also am invited."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that the keeper has the release given me for you, signed, sealed and delivered, and that you are a free man," was the reply of Dick Doom.

CONCLUSION.

OUT into the sunlight, out from under the shadow of the gallows, once more to breathe the free air, once more a free man, went Wallace Conwallis, the artist.

He was congratulated upon all sides by those who had been his keepers, and as he sprung into a carriage and drove away with Dick Doom, he was given a rousing cheer.

Up to his old home he was driven, and then the greeting took place between brother and sister, Dick Doom remaining behind, as he said, to pay the driver.

Servants had been engaged, and a most tempting dinner was set, there being covers for four, for when Dick Doom came in he was accompanied by the chief of police, whom Eleanor Iverson had invited to join them at their home and dine with them.

The invitation was gladly accepted, and a happy quartette it was who sat down to dinner there in the artist's rooms.

That night Dick Doom went with the chief of police, and Martin West was paid the price agreed upon and set free, and quickly he disappeared.

Next, Olsen was set at liberty, and he was most profuse in his gratitude, and only too anxious to say farewell.

"Go back to England by the first steamer, for if I catch you in this country again in any more villainy you will surely hang," said Dick Doom.

And the advice was promptly taken.

Some weeks after, Willis Warburton was found dead in his cell, he having hanged himself with a rope made from his bedding, a fitting fate for one who had led his evil career.

His father was deeply shocked at the news of his son's fate, and being alone in years, his health broke down under confinement and despair, and he failed so rapidly that all felt that he would never be brought to trial.

Their fears were realized, as after lingering for a couple of months he died, his life going out also, most fittingly within prison walls.

A few days after his release, Wallace Warburton went to Tennessee with his sister, for he was glad to seek another home far from the scenes where he had known so much of sorrow.

Though the property left by his mother would have been his own and sister's, neither of them would claim one dollar of it, but simply signed it away to be devoted to objects of charity.

"I can support myself handsomely with my brush, Eleanor, while you are handsomely cared for by being made the heiress of our dear old aunt," the young artist said.

A year after the aunt died, leaving her estate equally to the brother and sister, and to-day the most welcome guest who visits them is Dick Doom of the Golden Fetters, who snatched from beneath the gallows the Prisoner for Death, and thereby so nobly kept his vow to unravel the mystery that overshadowed two lives.

THE END.

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